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LUXURY . . .
. . . WOLSELEY **15-60**



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WOLSELEY**

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and backed by
BMC service



Here is a car to inspire pride of ownership. A car people admire for its clean, graceful lines and tasteful colour finishes. But only as a 15/60 owner can you fully appreciate the host of luxury features and delightful handling. Let your Wolseley dealer introduce you to the car which combines the excellence of Wolseley engineering and the brilliance of Pininfarina styling. 1½ litre O.H.V. engine. 4-speed gearbox. Central floor gear change. Panoramic vision. From £660 plus £276. 2. 6 P.T.

There is also the '1500' from £497 plus £208.4.2 P.T. and the 6/99 from £885 plus £369.17.6 P.T.

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WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD

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WORN THROUGHOUT

THE WORLD . . .

Sumrie

. . . of course

Leisure Jackets
from 10 guineas
Blazers
from 11 guineas
Self-supporting slacks
from 5 guineas

For times when time's unimportant, when you've no cares on your mind, save how best to enjoy your carefree leisure, there's nothing to touch a Sumrie leisure jacket and slacks. As expertly cut and tailored as Sumrie Town clothes, but with a note of casual distinction unobtrusively accentuated, these clothes are good—really good. There's a most accommodating scale of carefully graded fittings too.



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BURNING QUESTION

It is sometimes quite a worry—

keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

Choosing what to drink with curry,

keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

When your palate is aflame

Guinness is the drink to name.

Some prefer when heat is on

A delicious Mackeson.

Either, or—they're both *très bon*—so

keep it dark!

Keep it Dark



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I'm with the Refuge-for LIFE!

My pension policy is valuable—in an emergency I've got money behind me—what's more I've no worries about retirement.

I can pay the modern way by monthly banker's order. It's so much easier than budgeting for a lump sum each year.

I can choose, *when I retire*, how I will take my nest egg—in cash or as a pension for life!

My pension policy has been designed to suit *my* purse and *my* needs. I have *such* confidence in the Refuge. They have specialised in life assurance for over one hundred years.

because

REFUGE for LIFE



'After the Retirement Presentation'
... what then?

This is the title of our new Brochure specially written for those who would like to know more about protecting their family and arranging a pension at the same time. In simple language it outlines the various provisions which can be made and the cost. Write for a copy today or contact the local Refuge office ... the address is in the telephone directory.

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Punch, April 12 1961



By Appointment
To H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh
Outfitters
Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd

Spring can be fine. Certainly. But it can also be fickle. Clouds may lour, damp creep, winds blow. The wise man knows it. He expects to find clothes that do justice to the pleasant *theory* of Spring—but keep out the cold *facts*!

This sweater more than lives up to his expectations. And Simpson, of course, provides it. In the new shades of lambswool—old gold, black/bronze, black/burgundy, charcoal/brown, charcoal/olive, charcoal/blue. £3.15.0.

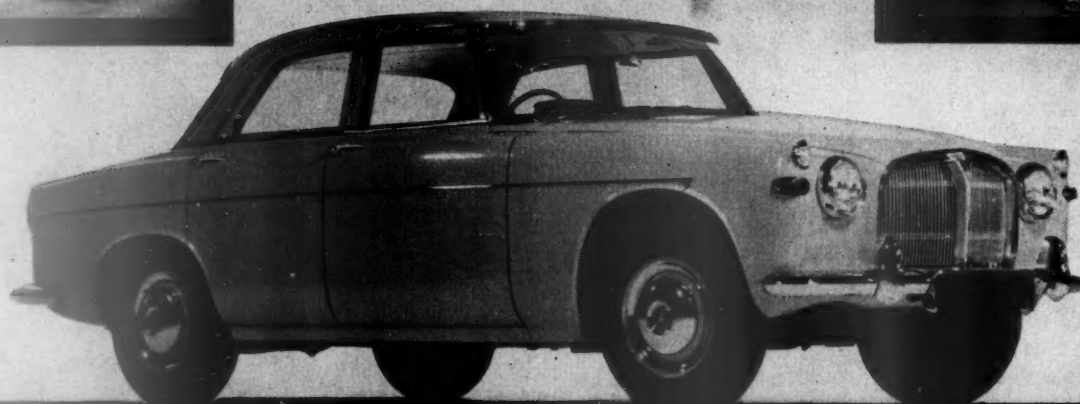
Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London, W1. Regent 2002

Man expects



Simpson
PICCADILLY

provides



ROVER

It was born and bred to cross the frontiers of the world, this Rover 3-Litre. It combines the grace and comfort of a town carriage with the dash—and stamina—necessary for long distance motoring. On the 3-Litre power steering is an optional extra. On all three Rover models—the 80, 100 and 3-Litre—front wheel disc brakes and overdrive are standard equipment.

The '80', £1,396.10.10d. The '100', £1,538.4.2d. The '3-Litre' with conventional gearbox, £1,783.5.10d., with automatic transmission £1,864.0.10d. (Prices include P.T.)

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE. *Makers of fine cars and the world famous Land-Rover.*

more about BOILERS

(AND DANIEL ADAMSON)



Steam is power. OK?

OK.

Better boilers, cheaper power. Right?

Right.

Cheaper power, lower production cost. Check?

Check.

What do you know about this?

Nothing. I thought you were telling me.

Telling your accountant, your shareholders, your bank-teller, telling the world . . .

Just tell me.

More than half the boilers that power over two-thirds of Britain's industry are plumb out-of-date. Old. Tired. Worn. Inefficient. Almost comic. Remember W. Heath Robinson. And remember the cost of fuel. Get steamed up about it. Blow your top.

And so—what?

Ask Daniel Adamson. Famous since 1842. Leaders, invented the Super Lancashire, so that, wherever, whenever boilers are a must, Daniel Adamson must. Economics (Name of a boiler—not the science of); Shell (Welded—not sea); fully automatic, if needed. Package boilers—go anywhere, right off; connect: 'ping'—steam.

'Ping'. Delivery?

Quick as you can get.

How can you get?

Send your letterhead. They'll understand: problem—requirement—power.

Right? Check? Eh?

Right. Check.

THREE THINGS TO NOTE AND REMEMBER

1 "Package" boilers—fast delivery to your need and specification, ready to operate anywhere.

2 Boilers and equipment on deferred terms via Lombank Ltd., subsidiary of Lombard Banking.

3 Expert technical advice on the best solution to your particular power problem. Your letterhead will bring you immediate attention.

To USERS of Boilers

You may or may not want new boilers now. (Come to that, thousands of you don't know, we discover, just what new boiler equipment can mean to your production economics.) But you should know what DA can do for you. Your letterhead will bring immediate reply. Address to—



DANIEL ADAMSON
AND COMPANY LIMITED

DUKINFIELD, CHESHIRE

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ITALY

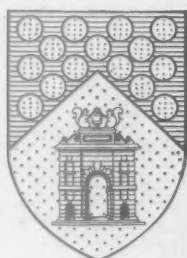


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nature in her cities, glittering gems in
the history of art.

Cheap tourist petrol —

Reductions on railways

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and
ENTE PROVINCIALE PER IL TURISMO, IMPERIA



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account

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are available to all customers and any charges
are extremely modest.

You are invited to have a word with the
local Branch Manager who will be glad to
give you the benefit of his knowledge and
experience.

National Provincial

for friendly service

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Webb

the only Mower you'll ever buy!

Just to see the wonderful range of WEBB Lawn-mowers is to know why, when you own a WEBB, you possess the best. And the best costs only so little more for WEBB—the acknowledged leaders in design and lawnmower developments—offer the finest value for money in mowers today. Buy a WEBB mower now and over all the long years of perfect and trouble-free mowing ahead you'll never regret the choice.

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there is the ideal WEBB mower for you!



WEBB BATTERY-DRIVEN Electric Mower 12" and 14" — the most advanced lawnmower available today!

So silent and simple to use. Easily accessible 12v. battery which can be recharged with car charger. 12" model gives 1½ hrs. continuous cutting. 14" model, 2½ hrs.

From £48.19.10
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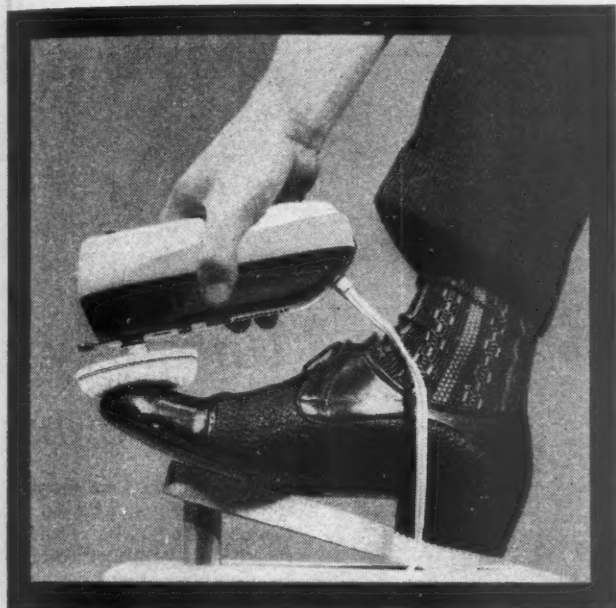


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Ask for name of your nearest Agent who will give FREE home demonstration — without obligation.

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BEWARE!!

An Announcement to Fully
Paid-Up Members of A&FUSSB



The General Council of the A&FUSSB regrets to announce the painful necessity of drawing the attention of all fully paid-up members to the Ronson Roto-Shine (an electric shoe-polisher, pictured above); and to state that, in the view of the Council, this product constitutes a grave threat to the profession. The Council further regrets to state that no hope can be held out of any action which might result in the suppression of this machine. After exhaustive tests and expert advice, the Ronson Roto-Shine was found to be of regrettably ingenious design, ominously sound construction, and painfully cheap. The Council, having carefully considered the problems caused by the introduction of the Ronson Roto-Shine makes the following recommendation to its members:—if you can't beat it, buy it.

Baylan

GENERAL SECRETARY

THE AMALGAMATED AND FEDERATED UNION OF SHOE-SHINE BOYS



**THE
RONSON ROTO-SHINE:
DE LUXE, £8.17.6
STANDARD, £7.17.6**

Available from electrical retailers. Voltage 200/240v.

THE LAND OF HAPPY RETURNS



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Sea-side resorts: Biarritz, Saint-Jean-de-Luz, Hendaye, Anglet, Bidart, Guéthary, Hossegar, Cap Breton.

Pyrenees Resorts & Spas: Pau, Lourdes, Argelès-Gazost, Barèges, Luz-Saint-Sauveur, Gavarnie, Capvern, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, Dax, Salles-de-Béarn, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes, St. Christau.



Basques emigrate, but they always return home to build themselves wide-eaved, timbered Basque villas, for nowhere else in the world can they find more than they've got here. Visitors come a first year to this warm south-western corner of France, then again and again. They love the vast clean beaches, the green rolling hills, the picturesque villages, the silver light, the splendid golf courses, the wide choice of other sports, the traditions and dances, the kindness of the people and the excellence of the hotels. After the Basque country, nothing else quite satisfies them again.

Consult your travel agent and for colourful booklet and hotel list write to

**FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.**

20 UPPER FITZWILLIAM STREET, DUBLIN

One Madeira is Bual

Bual, beautiful, full-bodied Bual, is the favourite Madeira of all. The wine with the perfect balance, the complete wine, as the experts say. Whatever the reason, it's the ideal after-the-meal wine.



*...but that's
not all!*

By Madeira, it isn't! Madeira is three more wines. Each with its own characteristics. Each, like Bual, with its own name to make certain everyone knows what's wonderfully what. There's Sercial, pale, exceptionally dry, the aperitif superlative. Verdelho, sweet and soft and just the wine that cheese was made for. And, of course, there's Malmsey: as rich and luscious as the palate could wish for. But call it all what you will, Madeira is Madeira—and as beautiful as the sunny isle it comes from.

Madeira WINES

Next time you're in your favourite wine-bar, or someone else's, why not try a glass of Sercial, Verdelho, Bual or Malmsey? Or go home with a bottle—or two?

ISSUED BY IMPORTERS OF
MADEIRA WINE,
5 LLOYDS AVENUE, E.C.3



take
comfort,
Sir...

... in the elegant shape of the 'Pall Mall'. If you think this snugly substantial jacket in new fine wool-knit looks ideal for outdoor leisure or indoor lazing—you're so perceptively right. With its Continental styling enhanced by traditional British touches, go loose-fitting cuffs, contrasting piped edging and convenient slit pockets. The 'Pall Mall' proves the CoxMoore flair for fine knitwear to be one of the more comforting facts of life. Colourfully available in Natural, Red Marl, Moss, Lisbon Blue. Also in Houndstooth check. £7.19.6. (Plain and check).

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creature comforts for men only

SWEATERS • CARDIGANS • WAISTCOATS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS
AVAILABLE FROM THE BEST MEN'S SHOPS

For the name of your nearest stockist write to:

Cox, Moore & Co. Ltd., 49 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



Uniquely Delicious

Suddenly everyone was playing the new waltz by Johann Strauss. The 'Blue Danube' seemed above all other tunes to symbolise the gaiety and romance of old Vienna. The city's lilting music and uniquely delicious coffee is all that remains of a fabulous epoch.

How evocative a cup of 'Blue Danube' Viennese Coffee is of the leisured good taste of the past. Made exactly as it was long before the heyday of Strauss.

Try it and be grateful that the secret of great coffee blending has bridged the generations.

Vacuum sealed in a light Breakfast Roast and a richer After-Dinner Roast, each in a medium grind. There is also an "Espresso Grind" in the After-Dinner Roast.

Blue Danube Viennese Coffee

GLORIA PRODUCTS LTD,
125 PARKWAY, LONDON, N.W.1

Punch, April 12 1961

IX

men

Other men will wish themselves in your shoes when you walk out in this ultra-contemporary Derby from Barratts. The new squared-toe shoe, made in best black calf with Barratts traditional skill. Style L2/047. Price 95/-



Barratts of Northampton: 345 Oxford Street, London, W.1, and branches everywhere



The most handsome Sports Coats are in DONEGAL HANDWOVEN TWEED

No mechanically produced tweed can equal the charm of Donegal handwoven fabrics. Many have a distinctive irregular fleck; all are in subtle colours taken from the beautiful Irish countryside.

To identify Donegal Handwoven Tweed, look for its exclusive Mark. Make sure you see it on the cloth, and on the label in the garment. Then you know you are buying genuine Donegal Handwoven Tweed—by far the smartest for town or country.

DONEGAL HANDWOVEN TWEED

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Issued by the Donegal Handwoven Tweed Association Ltd., Donegal, Ireland.

The Mark is based on the ancient Irish 'd' in the Book of Kells, the famous 8th century manuscript preserved in Trinity College, Dublin.

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The coupon brings you comprehensive technical literature; you are also invited to use our free technical advisory service.

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Please send me free literature on the Elcotector and the Elcometer.

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ADDRESS _____

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Yes, if we can get H.A.G.
(I can't take caffeine)*

Coffee late at night! Yes, if it's H.A.G., the real coffee without caffeine. And it is real coffee—the caffeine is removed from the carefully selected beans before the expert roasting that gives good coffee its fragrance and full-bodied flavour. If you enjoy good coffee, try H.A.G. Caffeine-free Coffee for the pleasure it gives and for the good of your health. You can get it almost anywhere—beans, whole or ground, and Instant H.A.G.

Enjoy

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CAFFEINE-FREE
COFFEE

and good sleep

*Caffeine induces insomnia, affects heart, kidneys, digestion and blood pressure.

For Free Sample of H.A.G. Instant Coffee send 3d. postage to A.A. Supply Co. Ltd., Dept. H, 615 Harrow Road, London, W.10 mentioning your Retailer.

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This fine British Cigar, introduced many years ago, is more popular than ever today.

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Length 4"

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GREENS LTD

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May we quote you for your Wines, Spirit and Cigar requirements?

H



TO WEAR

2.19.6

SELF-
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FREEDOM
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*When quality
is the only consideration*



Haig in every Home

—and Handy Sizes for Picnics,
Parties, Travelling and Abroad



Don't be vague—ask for **Haig**



HAIG
'GOLD LABEL'
BOTTLE
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CORONET
Buy a suit

"WIN-A-CAR-CONTEST"



FIRST PRIZE

A NEW
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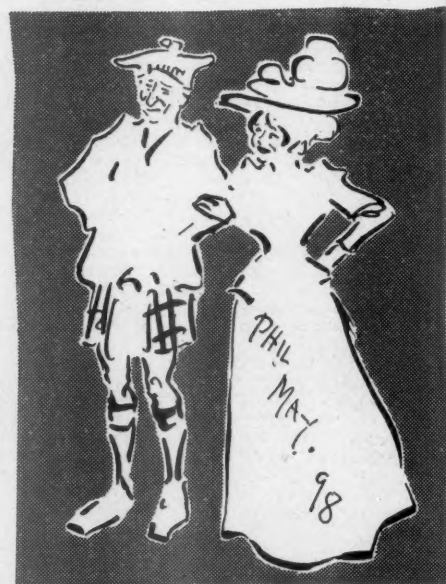
This contest is open to
everyone who buys a
suit, coat or costume made
from any cloth chosen from
the CORONET bunches
before June 30th 1961

SECOND PRIZE: Movie Camera, Projector and Screen.
THIRD PRIZE: Lady's or Gentleman's Suit in Coronet cloth.
5 Consolation Prizes each consisting of one Ronson C.F.L.
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You can win a magnificent new car or other
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is FREE to anyone buying a suit, coat or costume
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bunches and for full details of this wonderful offer.

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'Scotch'
&
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After more than sixty years the association
of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy
as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has
the unique quality of bringing out
the true flavour of a whisky.

APOLLINARIS

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

New Assurances Exceed £18,800,000

"BIG FIGURES ARE MAINLY THE SUM OF LITTLE ONES."

Sir John Benn's Statement

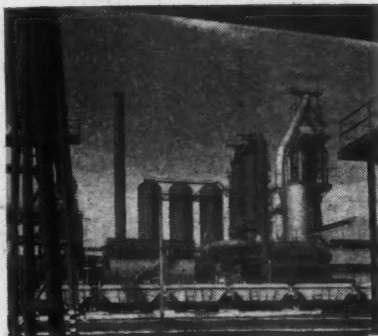


The One hundred and twentieth Annual General Meeting of the United Kingdom Provident Institution was held on 22 March at 33-36 Gracechurch Street, E.C.3. Sir John Benn, Bt., chairman and managing director, presided and the following extracts are from his statement:—

Excellent results were again achieved by our Institution last year, when new sums assured amounted to £18,835,000 and new premium income to £947,000. As 1960 brought fresh records for nearly all life offices, I am pleased to say that our rate of increase was above the average. Claims paid under with-profit policies amounted to £2,139,000, bonus additions having increased the original sums assured by 57 per cent. The very satisfactory rate of £6 15s. 6d. per cent before tax was earned on the total funds which

by the institutions. Yet today, as in the past, the men and women who put up the money are helping to provide the capital for the businesses in which they work. I calculate that the U.K. Provident Institution has enough money in shipping to buy a small passenger liner or six large modern trawlers. Our capital invested in engineering employs over 5,000 people, and in the oil industry produces half-a-million tons of crude oil a year. Water stock held by the Institution provides the water supply for a town the size of Middlesbrough, and our stake in American electricity undertakings would suffice to light the city of Baltimore. Our policyholders have a stake in steel furnaces in Wales, power plants in Canada, paper mills in New Zealand.

The new situation in which the mass of the people have a stake



"Our policy holders have a stake in steel furnaces in Wales, power plants in Canada, paper mills in New Zealand."

now exceed £64 millions. After meeting all outgoings, we added just over £4,500,000 to the funds for the future benefit of members. 12,733 policies were written in the General and Temperance sections in 1960, nearly 1,400 more than in the previous year. Our staffs at Head Office and the Branches handled all this business with speed and efficiency, and the expense ratio has again been reduced.

The Board recently decided to supply safety belts to those who motor in our service and ninety cars will shortly be fitted with these devices. As the first insurance office to take this step we believe it will make a useful contribution to road safety.

At this meeting a year ago, when our film *Provident People* was shown for the first time, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Humphrey Mynors, said that that as it came to be seen up and down the country, it would "do the Institution good, it will do good to the idea of managing one's own affairs in a prudent and sensible way, and it will do good to the City." Our film is still being shown every Tuesday at Gracechurch Street and I estimate that it has already been seen by over 10,000 people in this country in addition to audiences in the United States.

Financial institutions are often thought to be impersonal and rather soulless, but in fact they are highly sensitive to the varying needs of the individual and of the economy as a whole. An analysis of the policies taken out with the U.K. Provident Institution last year suggests that we enjoy the confidence of a very wide public. Several hundred trades and professions were represented and a sample comprising 1,800 policies written in March and November showed 138 different occupations. Besides schoolmasters, civil servants, lawyers, doctors and other members of the professions there were butchers, bakers, carpenters, grocers, milkmen, painters, tailors—all the characters for a game of *Happy Families* and a wealth of candidates for "What's my line?"

In the short space of a generation, thrifty men and women in all walks of life have replaced the old style capitalists, relatively few in number, whose function as investors has been taken over

in the economy largely arises from the great improvement in incomes in the past decade, and I believe it is more than ever necessary that the attitude of institutional investors and its relation to public policy should be widely explained and widely understood. We must emphasize that the big figures in which we deal are mainly the sum of little ones and that money is only significant as a symbol of value and activity. The Englishman has a healthy mistrust of sheer size, and sinister influence is apt to be attached to those who handle money on a large scale. All through history they have been a popular target for suspicion. Thus the City Merchant described in *Canterbury Tales*

"... so had set
His wits to work, none knew he was in debt.
He was so stately in negotiation
Loan, bargain and commercial obligation."

The amount invested by the U.K. Provident Institution in any particular equity is kept within modest limits determined by the size of the company concerned and is generally less than 1 per cent. Yet although I believe that institutional investors serve the common good in a very effective and dynamic way, there is no room for complacency. Future technical projects are likely to require fresh capital on a much larger scale than hitherto; life office resources are rapidly increasing and new ideas will be called for if genuine investment (as distinct from speculation) and the needs of the expanding economy are to be profitably matched. The Radcliffe Report has suggested that an Industrial Guarantee Corporation should be set up with Government backing to insure part of the risk involved in financing new inventions and bringing them to the stage of commercial production. This is surely a case where the life offices could cooperate with the authorities. We helped to fill the Macmillan gap; let us now tackle the Radcliffe gap.

Looking ahead, I am confident that our Institution and the national economy should continue to prosper together.

Head Office: 33-36 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3. (Man 6543)

Branch offices and Agents throughout the United Kingdom



Won't Mum be pleased !

No doubt she's used to it by now. And, as Dad says, let's encourage the lad, he may be a star one day—even if he does get dirty. Anyway, washdays are not half as much work as they used to be before hot water was on tap and washing machines were invented—and before Shell pioneered modern detergents.

Shell are large suppliers of detergent bases and intermediates to the makers of many branded products whose names are household words. For industrial and commercial

cleaning, Shell's own brand 'Teepol' is by far the most widely used product.

If better detergents can make your business more efficient, either in the cleaning of premises or plant, or in product processing, then get in touch with Shell who may well be able to help you.

Write to the Information Officer, Industrial Chemicals Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 29-30 Old Burlington Street, London W.1.

Shell Chemicals



PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6291
April 12 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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The London Charivari

I DON'T know why, but I'm fascinated by the American attempts to bore a hole through the earth's crust into the Mohorovicic discontinuity. I suppose it's a kind of space-travel in reverse. So far all the Americans have brought up is a bit of basalt, but who knows what they may find lower down? Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger had a theory that the earth was a gigantic sea-urchin, and when he bored down far enough into its surface he found himself boring into living tissue. At that point the earth, fairly enough, gave a great scream—it was never revealed where its vocal organs were situated—and spewed the professor and his party up to the surface again. I suppose Dr. Willard Bascom will never find anything quite as exciting as that, but surely he'll find something—even if it's only a Russian flag with a weight attached to it.

Name or Number

THE custom of naming hotel rooms instead of numbering them seems to be growing. A few years ago I met



an inn which used the names of the more paintable birds: I was in "Widgeon." Now I have found a baffling hotel where the selection includes

"Starland," "Rest Harrow," "Overseas," "Aladore," "Genebelle," "Way Warden" and "Jeakes End." Asking the proprietor about it would have spoiled the fun of conjecture; but now I wish I had done. Names of boats? Horses? Anagrams? I was in "Innis-free" but it was not, thank heavens, bee-loud.

No Ices, Sweets or Minerals

A CLIMB in cinema attendance figures is bound to occur soon if the idea of banning people from



attending, as practised in Stevenage, is taken up widely by managers. The reaction to the teenage ban has been sensationally successful, with some five thousand children trying to beat the doors down. Now to recapture the adult customer. What about a notice pasted over every Coming Attractions board—"NO PATRONS ADMITTED." It could be the end of TV.

"Ev'ry Leetle Breeze"

AT one time every star worth his publicity man's salary was suitably insured against his talent suffering a mishap. Durante's nose, Astaire's feet, Grable's legs—all nicely wrapped in



Hollowood

"Not to worry, *Priseilla*—I think our Old Etonians can still teach young-upstarts from Harvard a thing or two."

thousands of dollars. This thought came to me as I listened to Maurice Chevalier the other night talking to us with his own imitable accent. The way it has remained unchanged all these years must be a good risk for any insurance company.

Calling Lord Stansgate

SO Lady Munnings, according to William Hickey in the *Daily Express*, believes that Sir Alfred was a reincarnation of Constable. If this is an attempt to introduce the hereditary principle into the Royal Academy, let me say at once that I am against it.

MacMost

MR. MACMILLAN has the air of walking the tightrope between geniality and boredom. What political commentators sometimes mysteriously refer to as his panache seems much more like a lazy charm, nearly as heavy-lidded and considerably more hirsute than Robert Mitchum's. However, he may take responsibility lightly and elegantly—but there he is, right on top. How startled more overtly strenuous politicians must have been when he sailed up past them. As the roadside notices say, "Danger! Concealed Drive."

Comment is Free

VISITORS' books in churches are usually more a straightforward matter of record than visitors' books in guest houses. But in a small church in Kent I recently found one that included words of high praise. The English visitors might tend to make rather flat

statements like "Very clean" or "Beautiful" but visitors from abroad were far more vehement. An opinion from Teheran was "Very historic and very interesting." Dar-es-Salaam thought the roof-structure very noble and another Iranian visitor, disdaining to hedge, came right out with "Spatial masses well integrated." If these generally dreary volumes are going to flower like this, I hope comments will not be restricted to architecture. Why not sermons too?

Venery Begins at Home

AT point-to-point meetings these days you are constantly subjected, both through the loudspeakers and by popsies who begin "You hunt, don't you?" and shake a collecting box at you, to appeals against the Anti-Bloodsports League. If the League wants a target where the opposition is a bit less determined, I suggest it turns its attention to the keeping of pet tortoises. It was revealed last week that ninety-nine per cent of imported tortoises—which, left to themselves, could outlive a man—die from neglect in their first English season. Foxes can claim no such mortality rate as this.

Hushing it Up

I AM glad to see that the British Dental Nurses and Assistants Society has drawn up a code of ethics,



"We managed to get a grant. Didn't you?"

In Next Wednesday's
PUNCH
JAMES THURBER'S
"The Lady from the Land"
on porpoises, hostesses, high-
balls and women at sea

under which members will refrain from making disparaging remarks about the treatment given by their employers. Quite right too. Nothing is more vexing than to be greeted by a giggling blonde in a white coat who says, "Watch him! He's just made a shambles of Mrs. Brown—pulled out all her top teeth thinking she was Mrs. Green," or, confidentially, "Did you know he was the Mr. X who had £50 stopped from his pay last week?—you know, for sticking in old fillings with chewing gum." The Dental Assistants are absolutely right; the less we know of these things the better.

You Want Another Reason?

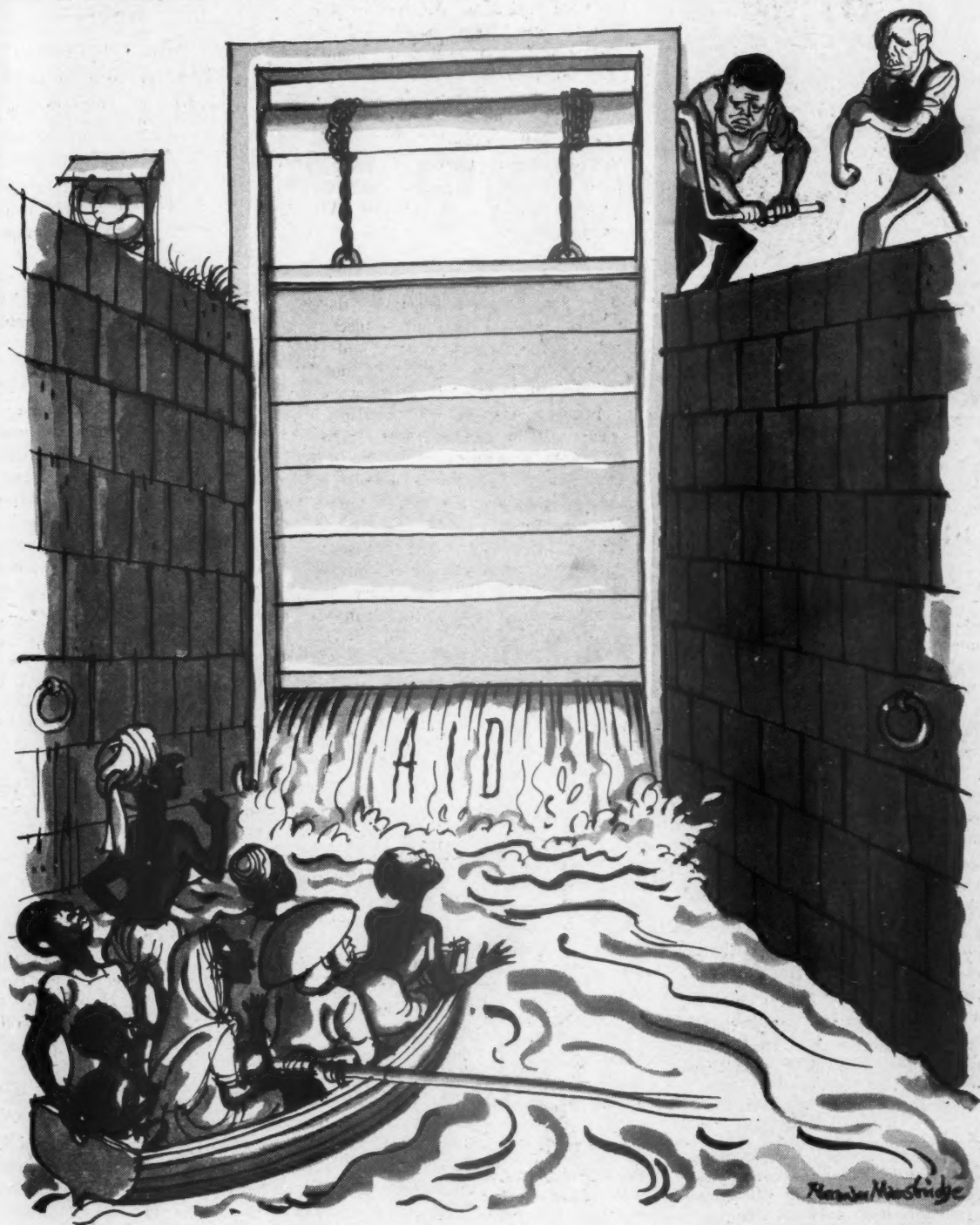
DR. A. R. LAUER, a professor of psychology at Iowa University and the director of its "driving research laboratory," says that motorists who have "an intelligence quotient below a certain level are apt to have repeated accidents for no good reason." For a professor of psychology this seems a pretty treasonable thing to say about the whole system of intelligence quotients.

Evolution Marches On

I HAVE a story to cap those tales of pecked milk-bottles. It comes from our milkman. Needled by a customer's little notes complaining that he was *not* placing the provided cover (a small plank) over the day's milk to protect it from the tits till she got to it, he finally suggested that she should leave the milk out with the cover on and watch what happened. Duly she reported. She had seen the cat flip the plank off and settle at a strategic distance, eager to catch yet another bird this new easy way.

The Universal Tongue

THE menu of a restaurant in the Fulham Road includes "Calf's Liver au Bacon." —MR. PUNCH



RAISING THE LEVEL

The first of a new series examining the betting industry from the points of view of the Government, the man in the street, the Church, the philosopher and the statistician



THE STATE'S SHARE

By A. P. H.

AT long last the betting and gaming laws have been amended (on the main lines recommended by a Royal Commission in 1933—but we won't rub that in). The new lot come into force on May 1, and must be given a chance. But it would be too much to say that the State has quite cleared its mind in this area of life.

The Home Secretary has done his best: it is now the turn of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose relations with betting etc. are jolly "ambivalent." Nay, they are practically multilateral. In part he can blame the Home Office, which, through its long refusal to get the law reformed, must owe the Treasury many millions of money. For thirty years and more some of us have been shouting that you cannot tax what you cannot control: and therefore the bookmaker should be registered, licensed, and so on. The new law does this; and already a preliminary trickle of cash is coming in. The numbers of bookmakers in our land is a figure not even revealed to *Whitaker*; but some knowing fellow has put it at

20,000. Every man who wants to call himself a bookmaker (by the way, how many girl bookies are there?) must now pay £100 for a "permit," renewable for a small fee every year. That looks like £2,000,000 to begin with.

In the end, I am sure, the respectable status of a "permitted" person, however expensive, will be agreeable to these public servants. It was not the bookmaker so much as the occasional rogue who called himself a bookmaker that got them a dubious name. But the permits, I gather, are not being lightly got or given. The little local man with whom I have been exchanging small sums—and an occasional drink—and have liked for many years, asked me to sign his application. I gladly assured the State that he had all the virtues enumerated in the form. A few days later a policeman appeared at the front door. "What," I thought, "have I done now?" "It's this form," he said, "about a bookmaker. Did you sign it, sir?" He said it quite nicely, and I know he was only "checking." But one of two thoughts, perhaps both, must have sent him there: one, that no decent, normal citizen was likely to vouch for a bookmaker, and two, that the bookmaker might have forged my signature, address etc. I told my friend about it, and he said ruefully: "There you are. That's what they think of us. And yet there's no more honest profession—look at all the business we do by word of mouth." Surely a Thought for To-day. Bets by the million taken over the phone, of which the bettor could produce no evidence at all: but how often does one hear of a bet denied? I never did. And, though he may have bad debts, like the rest of us, he can't sue for them. Honesty, you would say, was the main quality here. But past imperfections of other kinds, I am told, are now being sharply examined. It has long been a joke in "the Trade" that it is more difficult to become a publican than a parson—so many spotless years have to be sworn to by so many. Bookmakers, I gather, will soon be in the same high category of respectability; and the phrase, "as good as a bookie," may be born.

But let us go back to the Exchequer. The history of the taxation of betting in our land is very strange, and very English. Sir Winston Churchill (as Chancellor) tried it in the 'twenties: but the effort was half-hearted, the method impractical: and the tax was quickly dropped. This was a formidable obstacle to anyone who suggested that it might be tried again. For many years, before and after the war, on the Budget or Finance Bill, I badgered and bored about a betting tax, if only as an alternative to the entertainment tax. I was quite alone: every Chancellor looked down his nose, or

A. P. H., who is a barrister, has written 14 musical shows. 1935 Joined House of Commons, 1950 Abolished. Claims modest part in winning sundry lost causes: reform of divorce, betting, licensing, libel and obscene publication laws: 10 years in uniform: two Good Conduct badges (Navy). 70 publications.

said: "What, *ME*? Not likely!" Once, I remember, I was rebuked by the late and great Brendan Bracken—Who could succeed—who dared to *suggest*—in a field from which a Churchill had retired? I had trouble too, in 1939, about the monkey and the bishop. Having quite forgotten how I was going to end my Budget oration I finished inexplicably thus: "If the Government will make me their unofficial agent . . . I will undertake to get a Betting Bill through" (doing mainly what has just been done, but abolishing the Pools—Ha!) "and make it a foundation on which in a normal year they can get £20,000,000 of revenue. And, as the monkey said to the bishop, I can't say fairer than that."*

Uproar. Don't cross-examine me about the monkey—I haven't a clue. But observe my figure—£20,000,000. That, I believe, was the main cause of the hearty laughter. But in 1950-51 the total yield of the betting duties was £23,000,000: and in 1959-60 it was £39,500,000. True, most of that was from the Pools: but more could have been got, and can be got now, under the new arrangements, from other sources.

*Hansard—Vol. 346, Column 1027

It was Dr. (now Lord) Dalton (who had firmly and frequently said "No") who suddenly said a limited "Yes" in his Autumn Budget of 1947. Through most unmerited misfortune he had to resign: but Sir Stafford Cripps took over, and went even farther. This was remarkable: for any form of betting tax was supposed by all to be politically perilous, and by some to be morally fatal—since it would "recognize" the evil thing. Yet it was the austere Sir Stafford, I *think*, who put the Pools tax up to the savage rate of thirty per cent, at which it stands to-day.

It does not matter much which Chancellor did exactly what. Let us "appreciate the situation" of the Exchequer in this affair. Those who sniff at the gambler as partly mad and wholly immoral should shudder when they see the morass of illogicality and inequity in which the Exchequer is smugly sitting.

(1) (a) On Football Pool Betting there is a tax of 30 per cent—on stakes.

(b) On football betting at fixed odds there is *no* tax. Any week you can bet on the same matches in both. In one case you support the Welfare State: in the other you don't.



"For God's sake, Eileen—we're out of canapés!"

A case might be made for this by the fixed odds bookmaker, who takes much greater risks than the pool promoter, and pays out the same high odds however many chaps have won. But this defence is not open to the State: for the simple reason that—

(2) *At the Greyhound Races* both the Tote and the bookmaker are taxed.

(a) The Tote—10 per cent of what you stake goes to the State. In 1959-60 the total yield was £6,120,972.

(b) The bookmaker pays a *licence duty* at every meeting before he starts work. This is graduated according to the number of "enclosures," the grandness of his enclosure, etc. One top bookie I see at the White City pays £48 a time—104 meetings—£4,992. This must be the cheapest tax in history. For the track-owners have to *pay* a man to collect the money from the bookies and take it to the State next day. Why they do it I can't imagine. The total yield in 1959-60 was £1,620,691.

"Splendid!" you may say, if you hate betting. But how surprised you will be to hear that nothing like this goes on—

(3) *At the Horse Races.*

(a) There is no tax or licence duty on the bookmaker.

(b) There is no tax on the Tote.

A deduction of 10 per cent is made from the Tote stakes: but this is not a revenue tax. It goes to the welfare of the Sacred Horse, the horse spectator, and kindred purposes.

Not one penny of the 10 per cent taken from the Dog Tote goes to the Welfare of the Dog. It goes to the Exchequer.

(4) *Office Betting.*

Except for office *pool* betting there is no tax. Whether you bet on football at fixed odds or on animals at starting

prices, neither you nor your bookie contributes to Britannia. Here, if the Exchequer cares, a new vein of revenue can be opened—meaning, ultimately, poor boobs like me.

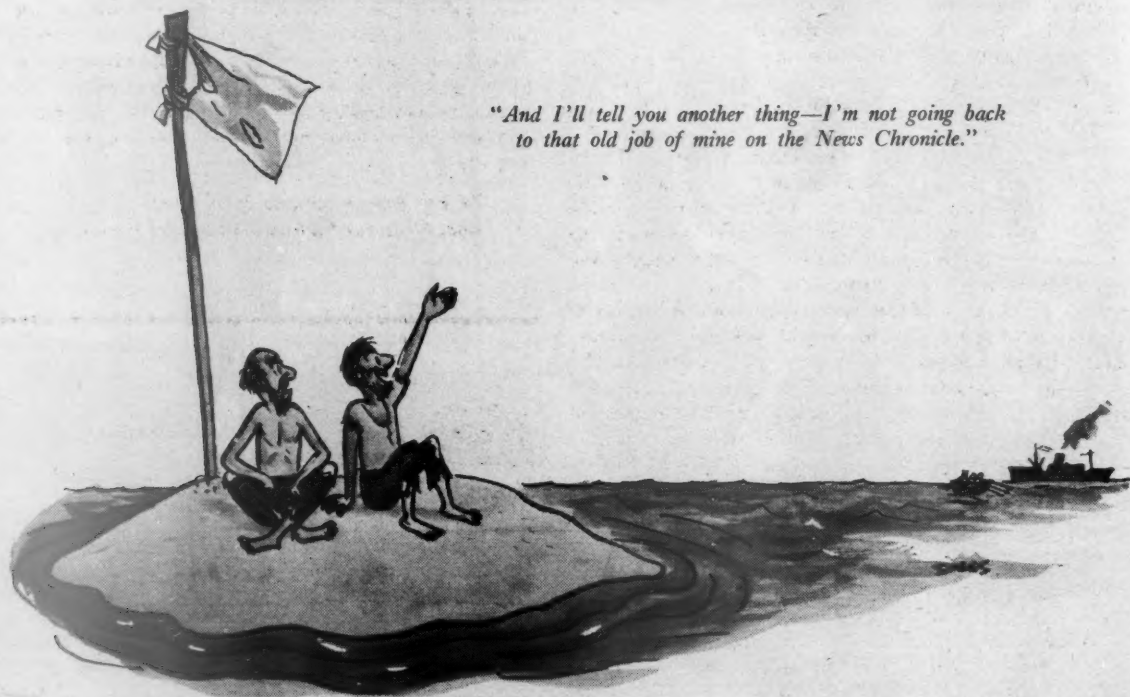
Financially, then, for 1959-60, the picture was this:

		£
(1) FOOTBALL	(a) Pool Betting (at 30 per cent)	31,721,448
	(b) Fixed Odds	NIL
(2) DIRTY DOGS	(a) On-the-course bookmakers	1,620,691
	(b) Tote (at 10 per cent)	6,120,972
	(c) Off-course bookmakers	NIL
(3) SACRED HORSE	(a) Course bookmakers	NIL
	(b) Tote	NIL
	(c) Off-course bookmakers	NIL
		39,463,111

(There is also the enormous indirect revenue from the use of Her Majesty's posts, telephones, telegrams, and—my goodness!—postal orders for the beastly business of betting. Those who urge a State Lottery forget that Britannia is already getting the benefit without the bother thereof.)

Well, moralist, does that strike you as a pretty picture? The Exchequer, supported by a slavish House of Commons, is making all sorts of arbitrary and, I suggest, improper distinctions. It taxes one sort of football-gambler (the poorest, by the way) at the monstrous rate of 30 per cent, but another sort (the richer) not at all. Some may defend the 30 per cent because of the occasional huge dividends. But this is surely erroneous thinking. What about the uncountable *small* winners? It is they who suffer most. The huge prizes, over a certain figure, should be tapped as "capital gains."

Then they savagely tax the brave dog-bookie who stands



"And I'll tell you another thing—I'm not going back to that old job of mine on the News Chronicle."



in the rain and cold at the track on winter nights, but not his brother who sits cosily at home beside the telephone.

Here "Enter Peppiatt." The Peppiatt Plan and Act will change the picture—but add to the confusion. This is a "levy" of, I think, 2 per cent on the *profits* of all bookmakers who handle bets on *horses*. But the money is to go, not to Britannia, but to the horse-courses, and those who, one way or another, keep the expensive and risky business alive. Much to be said for this: the gambler supporting the gee who does so much for him. But, again, this is only for the Sacred Horse. No Peppiatt for the Dirty Dogs: the bookie and his accountant, when they calculate the "levy," will have to separate, as it were, the sheep and the goats.

Who can justify these harsh discriminations between one animal and another? The graceful greyhound began his career in the same cloud of snobbish disapproval that surrounded the early cinema, fifty years ago. But surely that should now be blown away. The Treasury may think that the horse is a nobler animal than the dog: but that is hardly the point. Who will say that it is nobler to bet on a horse than on a dog? And if it is, why is betting on man (the footballer), who is presumably nobler than either beast, taxed at the incomparable rate of 30 per cent? At one time, on the Treasury bench, a lot of tosh was talked about the export of horses: but what has that to do with betting? The greyhound, though hampered by quarantine regulations, also crosses the seas and oceans. The greyhound, let the Exchequer remember, is always improving the breed, and breaks a few records every year. The horse seems to be in a rut, and has not broken his Derby record for nearly twenty-five years. There may be some good reason (though I don't know what it is) for taxing whisky more heavily than any other drink. But every bet, morally, is precisely and indubitably the same, and should yield roughly the same revenue, so far as that is practicable.

"I beg to move," therefore, that some attempt be made at last towards equity and uniformity in the taxation of betting—horse, dog, man, office, tote, or course—and the Stock Exchange wager too, if you like. And if any animal be

deemed to be more deserving than Britannia, if any gestures be made to the breeding and bonhomie of the Sacred Horse, the same sort of consideration should be given to the greyhound.

In general, let the State, and the Bishops, cheer up a little; and, as the Russians might say, "adopt correct attitudes." Let us hear less, for example, of the classic but crazy complaint that even the successful bet is "getting something for nothing." After the recent successful disposal of church property and some skilful and admirable re-adjustment of investments this cry does not come well from any member of the Bishops' Bench. "Something for nothing!" Let the Archbishops "do the Pools" for a few weeks and see if they still say the same. The study of form and permutations, the filling and copying of coupons, the pursuit and careful handling of postal orders—this is one of the most exacting occupations I know. Look, too, at the virtues it encourages, nay, can *implant*, in a chap—accuracy, attention to detail, neatness, clear writing, interest in arithmetic. Recently I started a grandchild on the downward path; and she thinks, and writes, better already. And this, as I have remarked before, is one of the few modern enjoyments which make reading and writing *necessary*. Then, after all, any man who seeks to gain money by lawful means is doing the first duty of a citizen, his lawful duty if he is married, to make things better for his wife and family, and to avoid being a charge on the public funds. The crossword puzzle, practised by so many bishops, is not only a selfish personal indulgence but economically a waste of time and effort, producing nothing, even if the effort is successful.

There are spiritual virtues too in this account. All punters, all pool-folk, are brothers: nothing so warmly unites the classes. There is no bitter envy of the winner, as there is in other walks of life: for each man knows that next week he can be as fortunate as the plumber in the next street. All through the week they do their work contentedly, certain that on the Saturday all their troubles will be over: and in that confidence they make generous allowances for the misdeeds of men and the bludgeonings of Fate. As the poet H. wrote long ago:

*The man who oft puts money on a gee
Faith, Hope and Charity must use, all three.*



Further contributors:

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LORD KINROSS



"The seats are still being repaired."

A Day in the Life of Sir Winston

By E. S. TURNER

ANYONE who supposes that all the mysteries of World War Two have been untangled should apply himself to the question: what was Sir Winston Churchill up to on the first day of the war?

Let us look first at his own account, in *The Gathering Storm*. He had moved from Chartwell to his Westminster flat, where he heard Mr. Neville Chamberlain's broadcast announcement that Britain was at war. Just afterwards, when the sirens sounded, he descended to a shelter, taking with him a bottle of brandy "and other appropriate medical comforts." A little later he made a short speech in the House of Commons ("In our own hearts this Sunday morning there is peace"). Mr. Chamberlain had asked Sir Winston to call round to his room as soon as the debate died down, to discuss the

Government post which the Prime Minister had promised him; and on doing so, Sir Winston was gratified to be offered the appointment of First Lord. He sent a message to the Admiralty that he would arrive that evening to take over. In due course the signal went out to the Fleet: "Winston is back."

Sir Winston does not describe his movements on that Sunday afternoon, so evidence must be sought elsewhere. Mr. Lewis Broad, one of his biographers, says that shortly after noon Sir Winston called at Buckingham Palace and kissed hands on his appointment; but in *The Gathering Storm* Sir Winston is careful to point out that he did not kiss hands until two days later.

Mr. Broad was not so close to Sir Winston that day as was Detective-Inspector W. H. Thompson, who had

been called from retirement to act as bodyguard. In *I Was Churchill's Shadow* the detective gives his version of the events of September 3. From the House of Commons, he says, Sir Winston with "a gleam in his eye" drove in his Daimler to 10 Downing Street for his appointment with Mr. Chamberlain (just where he saw Mr. Chamberlain is perhaps no great matter). When Sir Winston re-entered the Daimler the detective, sitting in the front seat beside the driver, heard him say to Lady Churchill, "It's the Admiralty." With "a pleased chuckle," he added, "It's a lot better than I thought." Sir Winston then had "one of the quickest lunches I have ever known him take" (where, is not stated) and immediately afterwards drove to the Admiralty.

The next witness, an important one,

is Mr. Vic Oliver, who also describes the events of that Sunday in his autobiography, *Mr. Showbusiness*. He and his wife, Sir Winston's daughter Sarah, had a flat in Westminster Gardens. "Knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Duncan and Diana Sandys were in town, we invited them and Randolph to eat with us," says Mr. Oliver. Whether it was a quick meal or a leisurely one we are not told. Afterwards a bottle of champagne was cracked and Sir Winston proposed the toast: "Victory." His eyes at this moment were glistening, but he was sadder than Mr. Oliver had ever known him, because "at this supreme moment he was almost a political outcast." His attitude seemed to say, "For me there is nothing much." Then suddenly the telephone rang and Sir Winston took the call in a bedroom. After a period of great suspense, during which the maid was discovered crying her eyes out, Sir Winston returned "with a hint of a smile on his lips and more than a hint of tears in his eyes." The expectant silence was broken by Lady Churchill who, in "a voice full of kindness," said: "Tell me." And Sir Winston, after clearing his throat, said: "They have given me a job again—I am First Lord of the Admiralty."

This news, says Mr. Oliver, came like a peal of bells and there was much jubilation. Somebody asked, "What will you do?" and he replied, "What am I going to do? I'm going to sleep." It was two o'clock when he "retired to our bedroom," and an hour and a half later when he re-emerged fresh and vigorous, saying he was off to the Admiralty to intercept the *Bremen*.

As a souvenir of that occasion, Mr. Oliver reproduces in his book a dated sheet of writing paper bearing the signatures of all the members of the family present in the flat that afternoon. His own name appears as "Victor Oliver," which is a measure, perhaps, of the solemnity of the hour. It was a fascinating party without a doubt (and what fun it would have been to reconstruct it, if only for ten seconds, in that headlong television serial *The Valiant Years*) but the reader will agree that there is much about the occasion that mystifies.

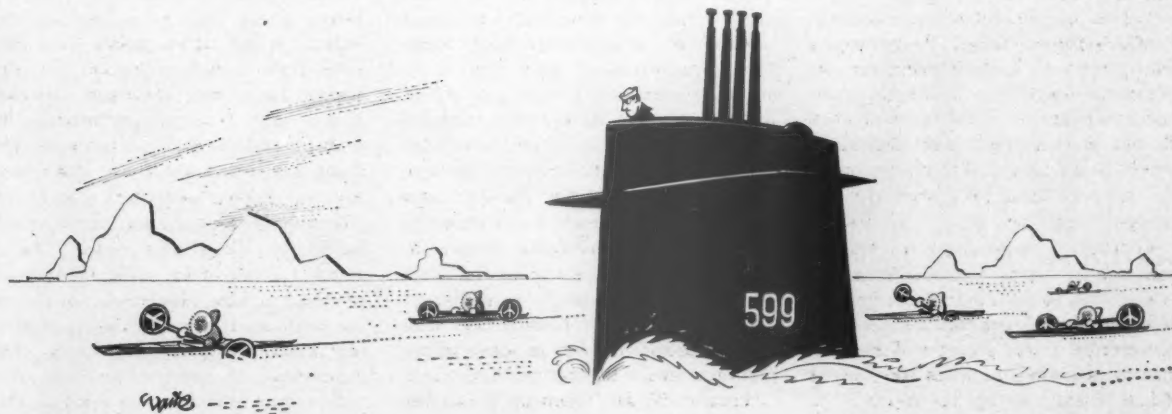
Mr. Oliver does not say whether Detective-Inspector Thompson was present. If he *had* been there, is it likely that the detective would have forgotten? So what happened? Did Sir Winston, after leaving 10 Downing Street, take a quick snack at an ABC, drive to the Admiralty, dismiss his detective and then (after a feint visit, perhaps, to Buckingham Palace, just for the hell of it) double back to his son-in-law's flat for a decent meal? But why did he detach his shadow? Mr. Oliver's weeping maid, for one, would have been glad of a comforting word from a stalwart Yard man.

But that is a minor riddle. The real puzzler is: Why, after arriving at the Olivers' flat, did Sir Winston go through that elaborate business of pretending to be a political outcast, to the extent of looking sadder than ever before, when according to his own memoirs and those of his shadow, he well knew that he had the Admiralty in the bag? What had happened to that earlier gleam in his eye? If this was an exercise in

security (which seems unlikely) did not Sir Winston overact unduly?

The next question is: Was it Mr. Chamberlain who rang Mr. Oliver's flat, and if so, what was the purpose of the call? Had he—perish the thought—changed his mind? Was he trying to fob off Sir Winston with the Postmaster-Generalship? This could certainly have accounted for the "hint of tears" noticed by Mr. Oliver. Why, again, did Lady Churchill pretend to be ignorant of the great news, when Detective-Inspector Thompson distinctly heard Sir Winston announce it to her in the Daimler? Or was she, until the time of the mysterious telephone call, under a pledge of secrecy? If so, what a clever feat of dissimulation she put up in front of her shrewd family. Perhaps, eyeing her husband's dolorous performance, she said, "If Winston can fool them I can."

All this, of course, is only the sort of thing every researcher encounters when he tries to reconstruct the simplest events of the past. The fewer eyewitness narratives there are, the easier it is to write history. Mr. Randolph Churchill will undoubtedly give his account of these events some day (if he has not already done so somewhere) and so will Mr. Duncan Sandys; but whether their versions will clarify or obfuscate to a further degree remains to be seen. The chauffeur of the Daimler may also publish his reminiscences; after all, Mr. Eisenhower's lady driver wrote a very helpful book about him. Anyone who simply can't wait to get the facts straightened out might try a telephone call to Mr. Onassis's yacht.





"It's madness, Rose, there isn't room to swing a handbag."

The Learner Syndrome: Towards a Diagnosis

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

A LONDON psychiatrist last week offered to start a little group to help people who cannot pass the driving test, people with what I call "learner hysteria." I must say I welcome his constructive attitude. Learning to drive has too long been a matter for yoks, as the Americans say. We must try not to be obscurantist; learner-drivers need not to be laughed at, but to be helped. And I shall be only too glad to add my opinion to the pile, as soon as I can get this safety-belt undone.

You see, I am teaching my wife to drive. That doesn't in fact seem a very graphic way to put it. I'm teaching my wife not to wreck our car. I'm teaching her to read traffic signs; and to stop, instead of going on, when the light is red. I'm teaching her not to leave the

car in the middle of the road when she goes shopping. I'm teaching her not to hit people.

My friends all warned me of the danger to our marriage. Indeed, I took their advice, and sent her to a driving school. The school's car would come around regularly, at about nine in the morning, and off she'd go. About eleven or twelve she'd return, and I'd ask her how it went. "Fine," she'd tell me, "we've seen some lovely parts of the country." One day the instructor came in after the lesson and I remarked jovially to him: "You'd better be careful. She'll have you in the ditch bottom if you don't watch out." "Nothing I'd like better," he said. Somehow I didn't feel so secure when she went for her lesson after that.

Finally one day, when the bills came

in, I decided that I would have to teach her myself. If our marriage was to be broken over it, well, I'd take the risk—I wasn't sure I could afford her anyway. When we got into the car she said: "I wish you had a brake on your side to stop it, like the instructor does." I quickly saw the point of her remark. The driving school had used a dual-control car, which gave the beginner the illusion of driving while the instructor actually did all the work. He operated the clutch and the brake, checked the driving mirror and controlled the speed, while the driver simply clutched on to the wheel like a pampered dummy and steered. After a few weeks of anguished suffering, while I watched my car depreciate to half its value, I did manage to get my wife out of an early habit of changing gear without using the clutch. It was my one real triumph; though she did "press that pedal," as she put it, for what I felt were the wrong reasons. "There," she'd say, every time she did it, "just to please you."

She did have, however, a number of curious complaints which I diagnosed and which I offer to the London psychiatrist for more intensive study. I've been comparing notes with friends and I find that the symptoms I'm going to describe are common to most learner-drivers, especially if they are female. Perhaps I even had them when I learned to drive; but I forget. There's one thing about teaching your wife driving; it certainly makes you realize what an incredibly skilful person you are yourself.

The first of these diseases is called BEGINNER'S DEAFNESS, which takes the form of a benign indifference to shouted instructions, especially those given in an emergency, such as approaching the edge of a cliff. The patient is in fact afflicted by a sudden loss of hearing, but he denies this afterwards with the glib phrase, "I was paying attention to what I was doing." What he or she was doing was, of course, driving into a bus, teetering along the edge of a deep ditch, or simply pressing the accelerator in the belief that it was the brake. "Stop, stop," I shout at my wife. This once occurred (to take a practical example) at the main intersection in the heart of a big city. Traffic came from five directions; my wife drove from the most minor road into the heart of the

intersection. "Stop, stop," I cried. My shouts did not go unheard. Trucks, buses and other cars ground to a stop in a radius of about a mile. Only my wife drove on. "You should have stopped there," I told her later. She looked at me. "Why didn't you tell me?" she enquired. In short, beginner's deafness, contrary to common opinion, is a genuine complaint.

The second complaint I have diagnosed is called LEARNER'S ARREST, and takes the form of sudden and inexplicable halts. The driver usually tries to rationalize these by remarking "There's a car coming the other way." The wider the road, the more likely this is to happen. My wife, for instance, who believes when her confidence is high that she can drive through the gap in the garage doors when they are closed, will stop suddenly on a divided highway because a car is coming towards her on the other side of the strip. She is I think the only person I know who has stopped for a low-flying plane.

Learner's Arrest is caused by excessive caution, and is often replaced by, or even co-exists with, a disease caused by excessive confidence. This disease is called NOVICE'S SHRINKAGE, and under its effects the patient believes that it is in the nature of cars to expand or contract according to the width of the space through which they have to go. My wife once drove hard for our gatepost and only by tugging on the handbrake was I able to prevent a collision. "I sometimes forget," she said, "that there's as much car on your side as there is on mine." Frequently the following exchange occurs. I say: "You can't get through there." Elizabeth says: "I can." She can't, of course; and afterwards she is always quite willing to admit that I was right. This assent with my earlier opinion is also part of the syndrome. It is called FRESHMAN'S AGREEMENT, and appears after accidents, when the patient admits that he has set his sights too high.

A special corollary of this disease is something I will call ELIZABETH BRADBURY'S MYSTERIOUS RAY, under the influence of which the learner assumes that, once she is behind the wheel, natural law can be overthrown . . . by her deathly glance, which functions much as those mysterious rays that Martians have in space films. Solid objects, for instance, will melt if driven

at; trees will rise and transplant themselves when they see who is behind the wheel; gateposts, seemingly made of solid concrete, are actually figments of the imagination, mirages, which dissolve when approached. Like the preceding affliction, its symptoms are a universal air of well-being and safety. As one patient explained it: "It's just as if nothing can happen to you when you're sitting here. It's just as if you were resting in your living room and you were imagining the road." It is after this patient, Elizabeth Bradbury, that the disease has been named.

The most disturbing ailment of all, however, is a syndrome which I will call STUDENT'S AGONIZING REAPPRAISAL, and which takes the form of grotesque cravings, much like the cravings of pregnant women. "I wish I had three legs," says my wife, or "I could manage this easily if I had two more arms." The patient develops extravagant plans for redesigning the human body in order to fit it the better to the car. The redesigning concerns not

only her own person but that of her companion ("I could see better if your head wasn't always in the way"), the car itself ("What do they have to have gears for?"), the law (of a car which has overtaken at a speed of thirty miles per hour: "They should arrest people who pass people"), and the road ("Why don't they take those trees away?").

The funny thing is, she doesn't seem to get any better. I would ask her why, but we aren't speaking. My friends were right, of course; our marriage is threatened. My wife says of me: "I don't know what comes over him when I'm driving. He can be so nice indoors." She thinks, of course, that I have come to dislike her, when all I have come to dislike are the repair bills that she leaves in her wake. But, as I say, perhaps science has been helped; these diseases may be a new breakthrough. They need, of course, more intensive study; I'd do it myself, but I haven't time. Travel takes so much longer by public transport, but that's all there is, now that we've sold the car.

THEN AS NOW

Lloyd George's "People's Budget" was the first to introduce Supertax, starting at £5,000. It put the average rate of income tax up from 9½d. in the pound to 11½d.



RICH FARE

THE GIANT LLOYDBUSTER: "FEE, FI, FO, FAT, I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A PLUTOCRAT; BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD."

The Cab War-3



"Our organization, sir, unlike the rank and file . . ."

draught-excluder. She knew that her new life of drama and novelty had arrived as soon as she saw the postman coming up the front path with a parcel four feet long. She tore off the wrappings, revealed the tubular-steel extendable fruit-picker, and after that never looked back.

We had several thrilling evenings deciding on our next purchase. The leisurely pace of these operations is a part of their charm. Eventually we sent off for a drip-dry shirt drier, ingeniously designed to stand astride the bath, and this time the suppliers injected an extra element of suspense by doing nothing for a week and then sending us a letter. It was addressed to Mr. J. Bullthroat, with the wrong house number, and disclosed that the demand had been exceptionally heavy, that further deliveries were expected daily, and that we should assist in the expediting of our esteemed order if on any future correspondence we quoted the reference GT/109094/k32/OCK. We preferred to sit tight, and on the Thursday of the following week if my memory serves aright, the collapsible wine-bin was duly delivered.

We were still, at this early stage, uncertain of the rules of the game, and assumed that once the dramatic moment of unwrapping was past, with its little delighted cries of "What do you suppose it can be?" or "Move the table so that we can lay it out flat," the fun was over, and that we must now set about the repacking and reposting with a letter of explanation saying that the nursery swing had arrived safely but should really have been a set of six steak-knives. Because of this misunderstanding we sent back the collapsible wine-bin, but instead of getting the shirt-drier in exchange all we got was a postal order for 38s. 3d. and therefore, in the end, had nothing to show but a good deal of hard work and a deficit of 3s. 9d. for postage and packing. In the same way we lost for ever the interior-sprung seat cushions in maroon velveteen. We had taken to these at sight, even though they were in fact substituting for a folding bed-chair in Hong Kong basketwork, and in the light of later experience we might have been enjoying them still. You never know, in response to an order for a fire-resistant metal deed box or a twenty-four-inch log-saw (with spare blade) we might one day have got

There's the Postman Now

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

ARE you tired, listless, depressed? Do you wake in the morning feeling that the new day has nothing to offer? Bring back the old zest and excitement into your life with a short course of Shopping by Post.

My wife and I had for some years displayed the symptoms mentioned, with leg pains and irritability added. Then a friend lent us the catalogue of a famous mail-order house, and from the moment that we wrote off for a dozen yards of Regency stripe curtain damask and in response to our valued order received two candlewick bedspreads our whole lives were changed.

Our friend was delighted at the success of her kind thought, and indeed assured us that we had been extremely lucky to get such a stimulating result at our first attempt. Her own mail-order adventure, apparently, had begun with a run of bad luck, the first two orders (man's nightshirt, pedal-bin with hygienic, detachable container) being fulfilled to the letter, except that the nightshirt was a boy's and the hygienic container seemed to have been detached before posting. It was only because her friend, who put her on to the course, urged perseverance, that she went ahead and ordered a letter-box

the Hong Kong bed-chair, and used the cushions in it.

But in fact repacking and reposting shouldn't come into the thing at all, except in the case of faulty articles. An ex-WD telescopic gunsight, for instance, (endlessly entertaining for the bird-watcher), which arrives with nothing at the lens end but an empty hole is not an article that can be kept permanently about the house without throwing off an aura of unrest, and should be returned promptly. It is not a thing notably easy to repack and repost; indistinguishable in appearance from a black bicycle pump, but weighing some eleven pounds, it tends to escape repeatedly from the corrugated cardboard cylinder and fall on to the packer's foot, or the dog's head if handy. Even the satisfaction of an ultimately neat job, sealed like an Egyptian tomb and directed in block capitals to a nine-line address rich in such fanciful matter as "259-271 Little West Wistonbury Four-Lane-Ends Junction, Upper Market Barrasleighcombe, Huntingdonshire"*—even that satisfaction fades with the discovery that the letter meant for enclosure is still sitting in the string-box.

No, the idea is to hang on to whatever you get, and become a collector. Most collecting is pretty narrow. People collect clocks, or glass animals, or match-box tops. This new collecting, where you get a carton of manila envelopes cheek by jowl with an electric paint-stripper, two dustbin-lid silencers and sixty feet of plastic hosepipe, is fresh and exciting, and serves as an ideal conversation starter when heavy guests drop in for drinks.

You may be wondering about the financial side, and I can set your mind at rest there. As with the more routine forms of gambling it works out fairly evenly over a period, which is doubtless one reason why the suppliers never write demanding the return of their seventy-eight and ninepenny galvanized wheelbarrow which should have been your forty-five and sixpence worth of rot-proof fruit-netting. Moreover, the book-keeping during the long, wet summer evenings lends an added brightness to your already brightened life. This week you may be down a

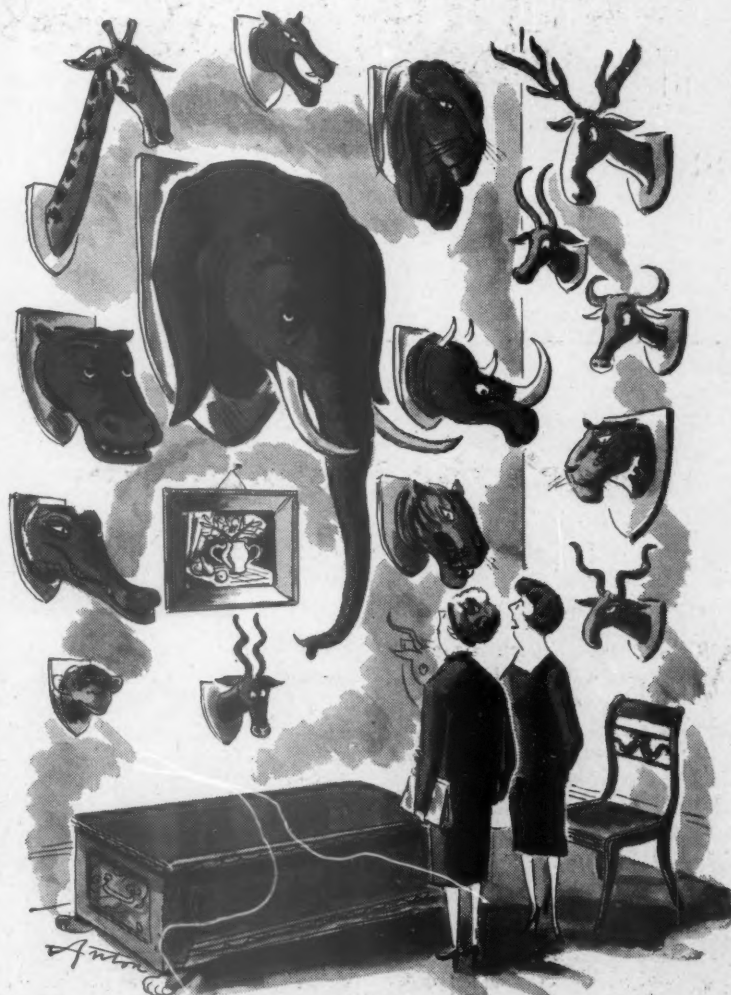
guinea (leather motor-cycle jacket sent instead of padded leg-rest with wing-nut adjustment), but next, when you order a set of saucepans and get an illuminated aquarium, it brings you back to level pegging.

The surprises are invigorating and the risks are few. The experience of a friend of ours to whom we introduced the treatment is, I think, rare. He wrote off, after some persuasion, for a white-wood bedside cupboard. Some months have passed now, but all he has received in return is a regular bill saying "To 1 Sledge. £14,444 4s. 4d." So exactly how he stands at the moment it is too early to say.

Influenza Cadenza

I 'LL never know why people sing
Such panegyrics to the spring
Whose brazen light I always find
Quite devastatingly unkind.
That hard, inexorable stare
Makes mock of salt-and-pepper hair
And gallant efforts to pretend
The curtains in the hall will mend,
While, outside, some officious bird,
To irritating frenzy stirred,
Proclaims that everything but me
Is bright and beautiful and free!

— EDITH SIMPSON



"Edward does have his aesthetic side too."

* Mail-order houses with small, profusely illustrated box advertisements in the Saturday dailies specialize in locations of this kind.

CHANCELLOR'S ARM (Economiosis)



▲ This patient, Mr. D., achieved a remarkable self-cure following conversations with a group of laymen. Though he did not escape all the usual after-effects he has since been able to lead a normal life. Note the classic intensity of the rictus and the moderate height, but extreme left extension, of the arm.



▲ Sir S. C. was subject to annual attacks for some years. The characteristic arm is higher than in the case of Mr. D., and the grasping hand is mildly enlarged. The rictus (not at all typical of this patient) is clearly visible.

▲ A characteristic case of the autumnal variant, False Economiosis. Mr. B. was a chronic sufferer from the disease proper, and it has been suggested that his attack in October 1955 was entirely psychosomatic, brought on by guilt feelings following the euphoria of his recovery from the disease proper in the spring of that year. The more orthodox approach suggests that this was a case of gold deficiency.

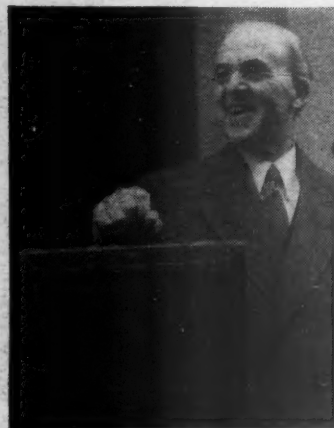
Some recent case histories of an obscure disease

Chancellor's Arm is a very rare disease; not more than two cases have been reported in any single year since 1945. But since it has invariably attacked eminent public men (though not yet scheduled for compensation as an Occupational Disease under the National Insurance Act) the symptoms are better known than they might otherwise be. They are:

- (i) THE RICTUS, familiarly known as "Chancellor's Grin." This, of course, is a condition often observed in the diseases of public men, but here it is characterized by an intensity and fixedness not often observed in kindred ailments.
- (ii) THE POSITION OF THE ARM. This is the diagnostic symptom. The patient displays an uncontrollable urge to raise one arm, which at the height of the disease can only be satisfied by lifting a weighted bag, kept specially for the purpose.
- (iii) ENLARGEMENT OF THE GRASPING HAND. This does not always occur, but when it does the condition is extremely distressing.

The disease is rigidly seasonal, occurring normally in the first half of April. An almost similar condition, usually called False Economiosis, has occasionally been recorded in the autumn. Not the least distressing aspect of the disease is that the patient remains unaware of the severity of his condition.

The ensuing photographs, which are arranged in chronological order, show that though to the casual observer one case of Chancellor's Arm may seem just like the next, a significant change is taking place in the relative severity of the two primary symptoms.



▲ Another recurrent sufferer, Mr. G. The rictus is unusually slight, compared with earlier cases, but the arm is in an increasingly unnatural position, barely to the right of centre. One observer of this patient reported considerable desiccation.

Mr. B. still
sional difficu
both rictus
unusual in tr



Mr. M., who had the good fortune not to suffer from a recurrence of the disease after 1956, though he has since become an authority on other sufferers. This was a very mild attack; the rictus hardly differs from the patient's usual expression, and the arm is lower than Mr. B.'s, but like his, just to the left of centre.



Another patient, Mr. T., who suffered from only a single attack, though in his case it was so severe (note the fixity of the rictus and the acute position of the arm, which has returned to the right) that surgery was resorted to. It proved no more or less successful than other methods of treatment.



The most recent recorded case, that of Mr. A. By now the rictus has become almost a residual feature, not enough to distress anybody in normal health, but the height of the arm is unprecedented, with considerable left extension, and the grasping hand shows abnormal hypertrophy. The sudden appearance of the hat is probably irrelevant.



SOME AFTER EFFECTS

Mr. B. still suffers from occasional difficulty in controlling both rictus and arm. He is unusual in trying.



Mr. T. has resorted to the use of an attendant to check the movement of the arm. The rictus has proved uncontrollable.

Two classic examples of the normal after-effects of Chancellor's Arm. Though the need to flourish weights has vanished, the arm waves uncontrollably above the head and the rictus appears at the slightest stimulus.



GWYN THOMAS

Growing up in Meadow Prospect



1 Brotherly Love

THE acoustics of childhood are terrible. The basic failure to give or receive messages up to the age of twelve accounts for most of the bewilderment that keeps many faces rigid from then to the grave. Most of what a child hears is muffled or deplorable. That he assembles the elements of some kind of sanity before it gets time for manhood is the most formidable bit of craftsmanship in our experiences. That most of the sanity is not shaken off the plate again before the age of thirty is due only to the fact that we learn to keep very still.

According to the form-book I should have been well placed in this business of projecting myself in childhood, of establishing the sort of identity with which I could feel blithe and secure. Looking forward shrewdly at the age of three I would have said that I was the child most likely to receive every type of love and devotion listed in the child welfare manuals. It may have turned out that way. If so, someone must have been using a torn copy of the manual or reading in a poor light.

According to tradition and most fiction, the youngest of twelve children and the eighth of eight brothers can afford to be smug. He is the Benjamin, the chubby mascot on whom the distilled affection of all his elders is showered, over whom the fanatical love of his brothers is laid like a shield. I must have stood in the wrong shower, and there was something wrong about that shield too. I was chubby all right, but from that moment on the tradition dropped down dead. Either they had not heard of mascots or the name Benjamin had died on the wind.

Happiness is largely a matter of timing, of expert communication. The great lump of our malaise is made up of good and loving intentions that were put on the wrong train and landed at the wrong moment. At timing, as an earthly art, I was never more than a Martian. Often my brothers would have a close harmony session in the kitchen during which I would be boomed out of countenance and told to pipe down because my treble was too piercing. The singing done, the table would be laid for supper. My brothers, sung out, would sit in silence. I would feel an urge to show my kinship with them and give out with the loudest hymn or carol I knew. This would always turn out to be the one song able to give toothache to growing Celts in a small room with

cutlery exposed. Either I was chased off to bed or fitted with a rough cosy of pillows. If I tried spinning a top it was usually within earshot of a brother who was writing an essay on the slave trade, and was allergic to the sound of whipping. If a brother was entertaining a sweetheart in the front room this was the moment I would choose to recruit a dozen friends to play "Bomberino" to impress the sweetheart with what a gay lot we were. This bomberino is a game where half the players form a sort of crouching crocodile against a wall and the remaining players leap as high up the crocodile as they can. I played this game against the outer wall of the front room. We played it violently with loud shouting to induce a mood of summer abandon in the lovers within. I did not know it at the time but the game put the whole house, especially the front room, in jeopardy. The inner wall would flake, the piano-lid would be dislodged, and every leap produced a thud so disconcerting that we would have sent Cellini, at his most ardent, back to his silver work. Always the wrong foot in the wrong place. Every time I whistled up into a blue sky I got thunder back for my trouble.

Once, after a long tour of the Book of Genesis in the Sunday School, I told them the story of Jacob, Joseph and Benjamin.



"Well, speaking as a moron I enjoyed it."

I explained to them how Benjamin, the youngest, had been beloved by his brothers, but they missed this part because my father was in the front room rehearsing his glee group and shaking the tiles off with the volume. Then I told them how Joseph's brothers had taken him to the vale of Dotham and left him to die in a pit. They got this part very plain and they asked me how I was fixed for a stroll on the following Saturday to a part of the mountain that was full of fissures.

So I ceased trying to co-exist, to assuage. I would wait for their every moment of disquietude and squat on it like a waiting vulture. If, chafing at the approach of some important date, a shirt would ravel, a lace would break, or if they appeared for the first time in some adult absurdity like a wing collar and bow-tie, I would follow them around staring until I felt myself nibbling at the last morsel of their assurance. Or I would make a remark meant to sting or enrage. And I must say that within the vocabulary limit of a juvenile I could be as noxiously sub-acid as the uninvited fringe of a Royal garden party. Quite often I could have purchased security, if not happiness, if I had kept my mouth shut for ten seconds. But I had to communicate. And before the last word was out, I was pelting away from the wrath to come.

They fixed finally on a form of punishment that would inflict maximum indignity on me and the least wear and tear on them. They would fling me into the recess below the stairs. This place was roughly equivalent to what, I believe, they call in American gaols "the hole." It had a strong door bolted from the outside. When the door was closed it was as dark as the underside of a dungeon, as airless as the bed of the sea. And I was the boy who knew. I was a freeman of that borough. The place was full of ancient clothes that no one would accept the acrid duty of throwing out. And there were some potatoes in a far corner stored there in reply to a threatened famine of long before. They didn't help.

Normally I could depend on making my first trip into this crypt about 5 p.m. following a round of impertinence at the tea-table after seeing my hand beaten time and again to the sandwich plate by fingers longer and stronger than mine. I would rage in the darkness, bang my hands, fling myself against the door and hurl abuse at my gaolers in ways that have not been bettered in any prison drama. But the only reaction that came from the kitchen was a sound of tremendous eating and happy laughter as the brethren noted what a better place the kitchen was without me. Some of my assaults on the door were muffled by the curtain of old coats that had been hanging there since they were last used as disguise on a toll-gate burning job in 1837. But they cut down on possible bruising so I did not bother to unhook them. Sometimes I would fall tired and sit on the floor, thinking of other notable convicts. My all-time favourite was Edmond Dantès whose story had been read to me fitfully by my father in the hour before opening time. He had a way of constantly looking at the clock while reading, and he would often flick over a page. For close on a year and a half he kept Dantès and myself on the hop. I brooded often on Dantès as a tunneller. But any tunnelling from that calaboose would have led me straight into the hands of those who would regard it as a birthday treat to put me back there. When they let me out I would behave with a cunning submissiveness, producing a few tears and asking gentle questions about the crafts and hobbies then popular with the various members of the family. The answers



to those queries got shorter as the questioner began to suspect that I was planning some looting action against their stock of fretwork, cork-work, sheet-music or modelling clay. It usually took me about fifteen minutes to assemble the materials for a fresh trip to the chokey.

The day I beat my own record was the wettest day in a short, drenched summer. It was the day chosen for the Sunday School outing. I was up about five and went coursing up and down the hillside street, shaking my fist at the sky and explaining to anyone I could see through the thick mist and rain that all these phenomena were the augurs of a heat wave. I was violently clipped twice by people startled at hearing someone awake and prophesying at that hour in the morning, and denounced once as being either a satirist or the sectary who was laying on this sort of weather on behalf of an opposed denomination.

I got back to the house to breakfast and dress. I was wet and fractious. They told me that in view of the weather and the world's general air of mourning, I could leave my bucket and spade at home and wear my new overcoat. The bucket and spade sanction I could ride because my urge to dig and shovel had never ripened. But I stuck at the coat. It was a black article, bought deliberately large to allow for growth, and they had had their eyes fixed well beyond puberty. If I ever grew out of that thing it would be by way of one of the sleeves. It came down to my boots and the velvet collar stood a clear four inches from the back of my neck as if



trying to work out our relationship. I told them they'd see me dead before I'd wear a coat of that sort on a Sunday School treat. They thought seriously about that for a minute or two. They told me that either I would go to Barry with the overcoat or into the cwch without it. I tried the coat on. I looked in the mirror. I was like the senior priest in some sullen brotherhood. I took the coat off, opened the door of the cwch and latched it behind me. I did not bang my fists or protest. I sat instantly on the floor and told the surrounding shadows that compared with me Dantès had been on Butlin territory.

I was released under the hour. They were worried that I might have crept into the corner where the ancient potatoes mouldered and committed a quiet hara-kiri just to embarrass them. They also wanted me to help them in diverting a mountain steam which had broken loose from its banks and was headed straight for the kitchen—a Mississippi manoeuvre that happened about fourteen times a year. I worked listlessly with the sandbags, for in those moods I was with the stream. When I finished I started on a brisk round of social service. I stood outside the room where one brother was rehearsing "It is enough" from *Elijah*, a piece of oratorio that really

put the helmet on a rainy day, and kept up a distracting buzzing sound which suggested that Elijah might be talking back. Then I deflated the rugby ball of the brother who had just been made captain of the village's junior fifteen. From there I went on to pouring glue over the clay of the brother who was trying to add sculpture as an extra tassel to the Celtic fringe. When these deeds were uncovered I was in and out of the hole like a piston.

The last trip was at half past seven. My eldest brother was putting on his tie, a very long black one crocheted for him by his girl. She must have measured his torso with a loose tape or become bemused by the play of the needles. It was long enough to hinder walking. I stared at it and started on the kind of corrosive banter that was my standard cry in the darkness at the time. I asked him if he was headed for a wooing or a hanging. He advanced on me with the tie strongly noosed for action. Then he changed his mind and threw me into the cwch. When he left the house the place was empty and silent. I was in for a spell. I arranged my back comfortably against the wall and told Surajah Dowla to move up.

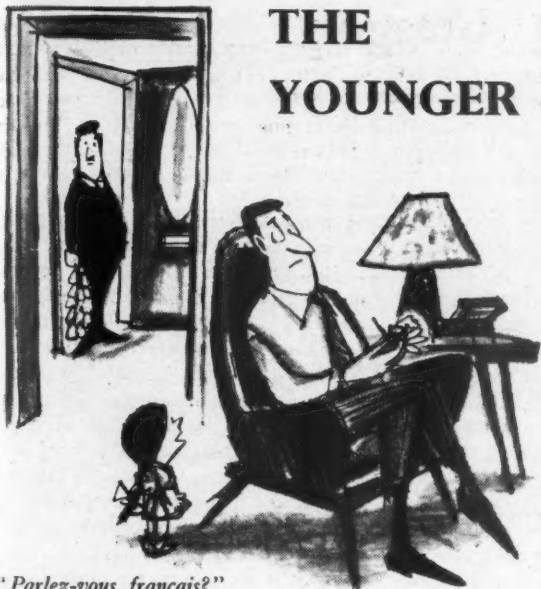
Logically I should have stayed there until about ten. But my father had had a strange evening at the club and had been thrown out of his routine. He had lost two arguments and one game of cribbage and had failed to make the bill on the annual concert with a recitation he had written himself about John Lee, the man they could not hang, a man and topic that so obsessed him that I spent two clear years of my childhood thinking he was Lee, hiding his identity and stroking his neck. He had also ran across a few copies of the Salvation Army weekly *The War Cry* which contained some of the sharpest things the Army had ever said about drink and neglectful parents. He walked home a good hour before time with big, sad apocalyptic thoughts trailing about him. He came into the kitchen. I was half asleep in the crypt and just vaguely stirring. He kicked the wainscoting and shouted to the mice to clear off before they ran into cats or poison. I raised myself above mouse-level with a few clear shouts. My father let me out. The sight of me set off gushers of pity. He led me on to the flagged area we called the "back paving." He pointed to the sky. Its lower regions were a brilliant crimson with reflections from the great steel ovens being tapped at Merthyr three or four mountains to the north. The sense of doom, triggered off by his brush with failure and remorse in the club, became passionate in my father. He pointed at the scarlet flickers. "Do you know what they mean?" he said "No." I had not heard about the steel trade and furnace-tapping. When I had noticed the glare before I had dismissed it as a fair comment on most of the things that went on during the day. I was open to an explanation. "It is the glow of apocalypse. It means the world is going to end to-morrow."

He was clearly expecting from me some cry or hug of dependent affection that would dilute his bitterness. "Didn't you hear what I said, boy? It means the world is going to end to-morrow." "And a good job too," I said, with maximum savagery.

He led me back to the hole so that he could have half an hour of peace before supper.

Next week: Change Here for Strangeness

THE YOUNGER SET



"Parlez-vous français?"



"Don't you think she should be able to walk before you teach her deportment?"



"I know it's only a school play but it's the worst case of miscasting I've ever seen."



"Intuition my foot! I say she's cheating."



"Presto, prestissimo!
There's boxing on at seven."



Schooldays in Glasgow

While masters threaten to strike, pupils prepare reforms

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

WHAT fun it would be to be an Inspector of Schools in Glasgow these days!

The schoolmasters in Glasgow are threatening to go on strike—that is to say, those of them who have university degrees are threatening to go on strike—if teaching jobs are given to masters who have not got university degrees.

It is true that there are also some more conventional demands about higher pay, but it is this threat from the unqualified which is the gravamen of their grievance. It would be ungenerous to inquire in what exact proportions high-mindedness and lower-mindedness are mixed together in that grievance—whether it is entirely a fear that their pupils should be taught that twice two was five by some ill-instructed ignoramus who knew no better and thus

go out handicapped to the great battle of life, or whether there is a more sordid fear that the rate for the job will be reduced through this dilution by the unskilled. Let us take it at the face value that in their pride of vocation they think that none but the best are qualified for the best of all possible jobs.

Now in unregenerate England I fear that the arrangement of such a strike would present singularly few organizational difficulties. The pupils would come out in sympathy with their masters. The strike would all too rapidly become nation-wide and a good time would be had by all. But in Scotland they take Dr. Johnson's mouthful of education more seriously. The pupils, it seems, are up in arms against this insolence of their masters. "Here," says the President of the

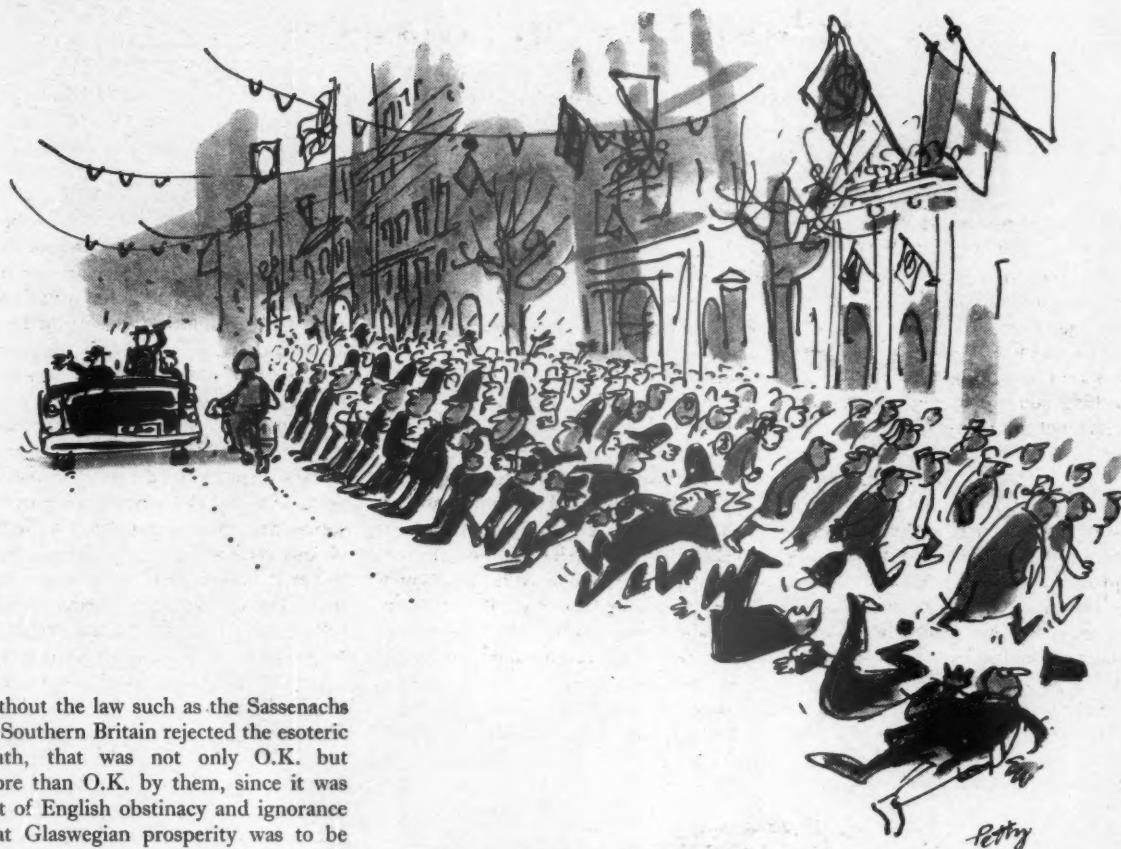
Students' Council, "is a closed shop of a most sinister sort. If we are not to be taught, how can we ever become qualified? And, if no one who is not qualified is going to be allowed to get a job, how shall we ever get any jobs?" No one can teach unless he has been to the university. No one can get to the university unless he has obtained his O levels. No one can sit for his O levels except from school. No one can go to school if the schools are shut. It seems what one might call the perfect vicious circle.

Yet it is even more complicated than that. For the dominies' threat to strike follows hard on the students' plans for the reform of Glasgow's educational system. The students have recently demanded that no longer should they be made to waste their time on useless subjects such as arithmetic and history. Instead they should be taught something useful, and, when asked what they meant by "something useful," they replied that they should be taught astrology, because, if they could foresee the future, they would all be able to pick the winner of the Derby—an accomplishment at present the monopoly of a few deboshed sons of crofters from the Hebrides or other even more Western Isles, who are endowed with the gift of second sight and generally end up as Prime Ministers, but denied entirely to the more worthy juvenile citizens of the Gorbals.

It was indeed explained to these pupils of the Gorbals by some pawky mathematician that such foresight would do them much less good than they imagined, since, if everybody knew what was going to win the Derby, the bookies would not give any odds on the horse. But the youth of Glasgow was not so foolish as to fall for that one. They explained that they had never suggested that everybody should be taught astrology or that everybody should know the winner of the Derby. Their suggestion was that it should be taught in the schools of Glasgow, and, if, as they understood, lesser breeds



"Young man, stop referring to the congregation as the 'opposition'!"



without the law such as the Sassenachs of Southern Britain rejected the esoteric truth, that was not only O.K. but more than O.K. by them, since it was out of English obstinacy and ignorance that Glaswegian prosperity was to be built.

If the masters cannot see the point, say the students, we will go on strike against them. The only question is how best to do it. The masters had imagined that, if they did not turn up to teach, the schools would stay closed. Not at all, say the students. We have a legal right to go to school. Indeed we have a legal obligation to go there. What insolent dominie shall prevent us from obeying the law? So they insist that they will go to school, and, if they find it locked, break their way in and send the bill to the headmaster. As for what they will learn at school, if the masters will not play, then they will settle that for themselves. There is a well-known West African scholar, at home in Nigeria an hereditary prince, in Glasgow a bookie, at present resident in Tradeston, who has taken a degree in astrology at Khartoum University and is quite prepared, from poacher, to turn gamekeeper. No one can challenge his qualifications. He has certificates by the yard which he is prepared to buy or sell on request. He has offered to go

and carry on the school, making astrology the main subject of the curriculum, and the boys have most gladly accepted his offer.

A question is to be asked of Mr. Maclay, the Secretary for Scotland, when Parliament reassembles, and no doubt he will reply that since important discussions are going on elsewhere, he must ask the Hon. Member not for the moment to press him for a reply. Meanwhile the Derby marches on, and if by the time that it comes, red tape and pedantry have concealed from the juveniles of the Gorbals the name of its winner, there are 40,000 Gorbals lads and one L.I.D. of Khartoum University will know the reason why.

This gentleman says that he can tell what will win a race by first pulling out one of his wife's hairs and then consulting the stars. But why, if he has this important gift, he is himself quite a poor man, why he is anxious to impart it to others and how, as is alleged, his wife comes to be as bald as an egg, these are matters that have not been explained.

BUDGET MEMOS No. 10

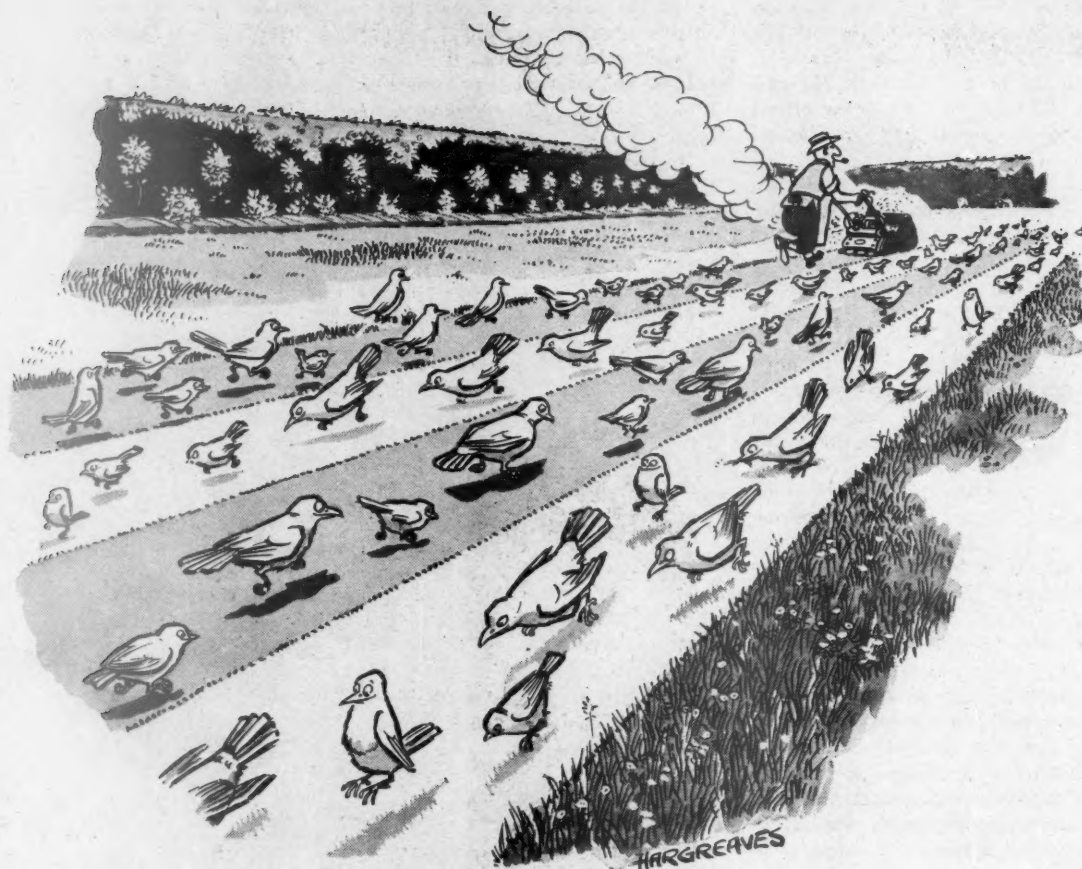
Attention Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

If employee tax, as suggested in latest PEP paper, why not employer tax? Directors of companies to be taxed according to how many other members there are on the board. This would provide disincentive to tendency to appoint sleeping directors for sake of the look of their names on firm's notepaper. Also allay suspicions that City is really only Old Boys' Benefit Club.

Jasper Despencer,

Hon. Sec., BOMB

(Brotherhood of One Man Businesses).



Sabre is My Weapon

By R. P. LISTER

NOT long ago, on Earls Court Underground station, I met a policeman who was a keen swordsman. He specialized in broadsword and target, he told me, and was tolerably skilled with the bow; but what he was really good at was Judo.

I was on my way to take part in a fencing match against Harrow School, and was standing there by the ticket-machines with a lot of foils and things, when this policeman drifted up to me. I thought he was going to apprehend me for carrying offensive weapons, but it turned out that he was merely interested in the red and blue plastic tips covering the buttons of the foils. Last time he had played around with foils

everybody was still covering up the buttons with insulating tape, which tends to leave black smears on the opponent's jacket.

We had an interesting talk about cutlasses, pistols and kindred topics, and then my colleagues, a telephone engineer and a fitter from London Airport, came along—they had been looking for me in another part of the forest—and we set off to have a bash at the boys.

We lost, 9 to 7, but since my age alone was as much as two and a half of the boys' put together this was fair enough. My colleagues (a fourth turned up at Harrow, having missed us entirely at Earls Court) were only about twice as old as the boys, and better

practitioners with the foil than I am. Sabre is my weapon, for choice; there is something unrestrained about sabre, and to give a man a good crack across his padded skull releases some of the murky tensions deep down in the soul of civilized man.

After the match my colleagues had to go home to their wives, but I went to call on the policeman at his room in Queen's Gate, by arrangement. We had tea, and I inspected a fine collection of Japanese swords that he kept under his bed. "Did you see that film about Robin Hood?" he asked me. "The one where one of Robin Hood's men shoots one of the Sheriff of Nottingham's men off his horse?" "No," I said. "Well,"

he said, "I was the chap who shot the Sheriff of Nottingham's man off his horse." "Jolly good show," I said, for lack of any better comment. "What's more," he went on, "I was the Sheriff of Nottingham's man who got shot off his horse."

He had been working as a stunt man at that time, and Judo comes in handy for a man who occasionally has to shoot himself off his own horse in the way of business.

So we chatted on, and I told him about the time we found a lot of *Volkssturm* rifles in a crate and stood on a bridge in the middle of Erfurt, shooting at ammunition boxes that an obliging American Army sergeant sent floating down from upstream, and throwing the rifles into the river when they got too hot to hold. And later on, when a lot of reminiscence and time had flowed by, we strolled down the road to a favourite coffee bar of his.

Here we went down to the cellar and sat on the floor with a lot of fellows with beards and girls with long, matted hair. They kept passing a guitar from hand to hand, and singing. Most of them could play quite well. When they could think of nothing else to play they played "When the Saints Go Marching In," which was fair enough. Personally, when I can think of nothing else to play on the guitar I always play "On Top of Old Smokey," but there is nothing like meeting new people with different ideas for broadening the mind.

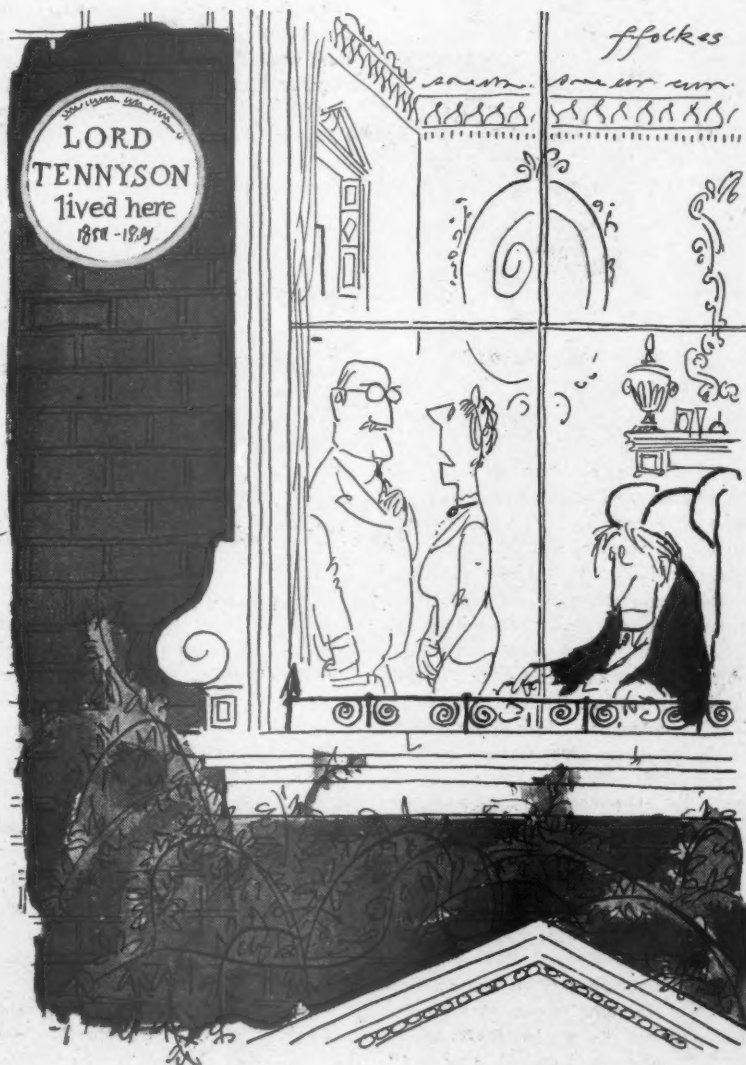
But really the only interesting thing that happened in this cellar was that on the way in the policeman poured a plateful of spaghetti bolognese quite slowly over the head of a man with a beard who was sitting on the floor just inside the door. It was very crowded in there; we had to pick our way over a lot of bearded bodies to get to the one bit of floor available to sit on. We each had a mug of coffee in one hand and a plate of spaghetti bolognese in the other, so it was hardly surprising that the policeman, looking at his feet rather than at his plate, poured the whole lot over the man's head. The man with the beard hardly seemed surprised either. He just looked up in a mournful way and started picking the spaghetti out of his hair and beard with his fingers. Probably it had happened to him lots of times. The policeman seemed the more annoyed of the two;

he had to go back to the kitchen for another plate of spaghetti. Naturally he was in plain clothes by this time, so nobody realized it was a policeman who was throwing spaghetti about in the cellar.

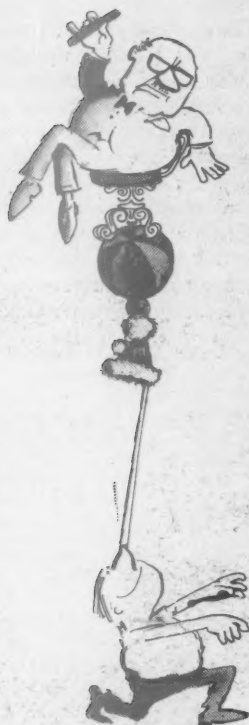
Next day I happened to be riding across Wimbledon Common on a big grey horse, together with my friend Phoebe, who was on a small chestnut. In a moment of rash garrulity I told Phoebe, who is a fair hand with a sword herself, about this policeman, and the

pleasant evening we had had together. Straight away she expressed a desire to meet him, and I said I thought this could quite easily be arranged. So when we had seen our horses neatly stacked up in the stable we went off and changed, since nothing is more embarrassing than wandering round London in riding breeches; particularly in subterranean coffee bars, where everyone dresses alike, and deviations from the norm are disesteemed.

We went along to Queen's Gate, and



"He keeps getting acute bouts of unworthiness, doctor."



"O.K., you're hired!"

I rang a bell at a door, and asked for Mr. O'Leary. But the woman denied all knowledge of Mr. O'Leary. Phoebe asked if I was sure I had the right number. Naturally I knew the right number perfectly well, and I said that we must remember that this fellow was a CID man, though he was doing temporary duty on Earls Court station because he had had his leg ripped open in a bit of a *bagarre*. So it was not at all surprising if he was staying at this place under a false name, or else it might be that the housekeeper had strict instructions to deny his existence, in case some criminal types were wanting to get in there and knock him about a bit, for reasons of their own.

The only thing was, I said, to look for him in the coffee bar. So we got on a bus and went up to town, quite a long way. "I thought you said you just strolled down the street to this coffee bar?" Phoebe asked me. "Why, no," I said. "You must have misunderstood me. We hopped on a bus."

In due course we came to this coffee bar that I had in mind, somewhere north of Soho, and went down to the cellar. It was not exactly as I had described the place to Phoebe, perhaps; there were three fellows in a corner with a guitar and a bass and a trumpet, and people on benches round the walls, twitching and jerking the way they do. But I told Phoebe they probably only had the three musicians in from time to time, and passed the guitar round the other nights. And I hadn't noticed the benches. But it was too noisy most of the time for her to ask many questions.

The next evening she wanted to go back to the coffee bar to look for O'Leary, but it happened that I had tickets for some dustbin-type play we both wanted to see. So we went to this play, and the next few evenings after that there always seemed to be something or other, what with films and concerts and Covent Garden and the occasional party. It was enjoyable, but

it ran me into a lot of expense, and at last I told her I had rung up O'Leary at the CID and they had told me he had been transferred to Edmonton and changed his digs. And so at last the whole thing was forgotten.

Of course it would have been nice to meet O'Leary again, but he was a handsome, well-set-up fellow, with a thin black moustache, and Phoebe was remarkably pretty. I can handle a pistol fairly well, and I am happy enough with any kind of sword, though sabre is my weapon, for choice. I could even cope with bows and arrows if need be, but Judo I never touched, and I suppose it was Judo that decided the matter. Judo and the thin black moustache.

☆

"Oxford choir hops to win International Competition in Arezzo, but urgently needs money for fares."

Advertisement in *The Times*
New York to San Francisco next.

Complicated Cookery

ENGLISH food is really gaining ground;
Hostesses are forging right ahead;
Up and down the country they may constantly be found
Adding dainty touches to some daring little spread.

*So it's "Hand me the polenta and the partly rotting oil;
We've been preening the paella for a week;
We have rubbed it with some fennel and we've wrapped it in some foil
And we've capped it with a chou chou which is really rather chic."*

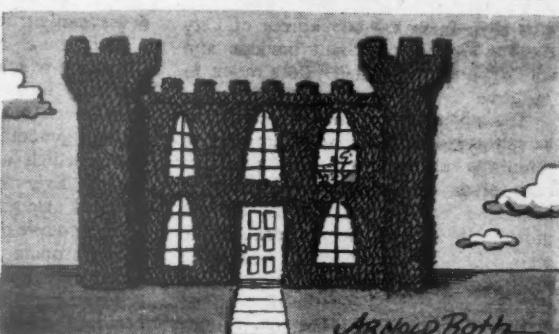
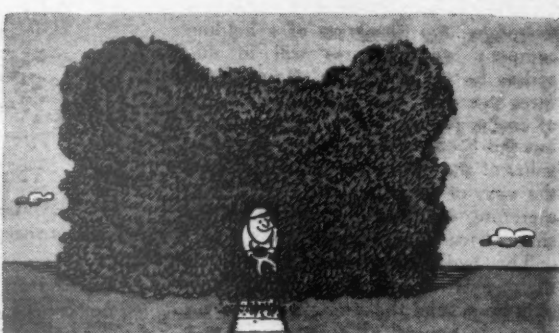
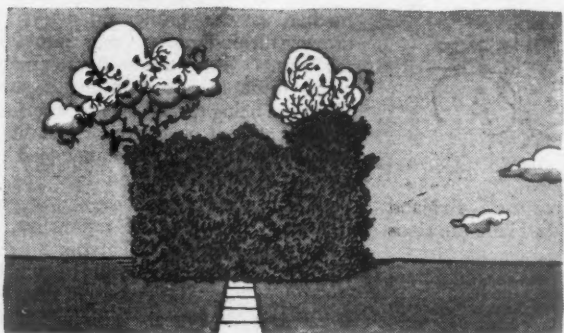
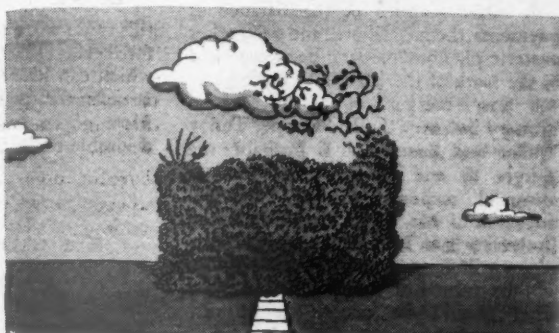
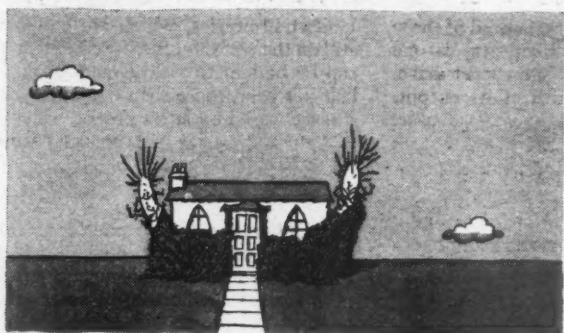
Now that British visitors abroad
Sigh no more for sausages and toast
Every mews and maisonette can claim a groaning board
Redolent with echoes of some richly-favoured coast.

*So it's "Pass along the peppers, there's a pilau in the pan;
We can leave it in the Languedoc to soak.
With a bundle of black olives and a pinch of Parmesan
And a mussel in the middle which is more or less a joke."*

English food is so un-English since
Modish wives have seen to it themselves;
Tapioca's had it now and twice-recurring mince;
Roly-poly pudding shall not prostitute our shelves!

*For it's "Here's a little number from 'The Times' I'm trying out
With a sauce that's simply everything in sight."
And just nobody who tackles it must ever even doubt
If that clever little Carolyn has really got it right."*

— DANIEL PETTIWARD



In the City



Glorious Beer

AS far as markets are concerned the bitter realities of the balance of payments, the gold figures and such other esoteric phenomena have been drowned in the froth of the latest and the biggest yet beer merger. For the British brewery industry the Ind Coope, Tetley Walker and Ansell link is probably the merger to end all mergers. It is a powerful response to the Canadian intrusion of Mr. E. P. Taylor's United Breweries into Britain. It will create a group which, on present capitalization, will be valued at nearly £140 million. That should be proof against any take-over bid.

The merger will be made by what has become the fashionable and traditional technique, the formation of a holding company whose shares will in due course be exchanged for those of the three operating companies. The terms of exchange have yet to be announced but this is obviously a case in which the value of the whole will be greater than the sum of the three parts. Without, therefore, waiting for the terms all the shares have already moved up.

They had been a strong market before the merger was announced but this was only because of the strength of brewery shares in general. The merger was a magnificently kept secret. The crucial discussions were held, not in the usual and sometimes tell-tale offices of City issuing houses, merchant bankers and solicitors, but on a Derbyshire moor, in January.

The advantages of the merger should be self-evident. There is fortunately no intention of merging the products themselves. The variety available to the consumer will be as rich as before; indeed, it will be richer because the main advantage expected from the grouping will be a wider distribution of the three groups' beers in the others' territories. In addition larger resources will be available for research and there will obviously be considerable advantages in marketing.

The British have developed a thirst for lager beer. The new combine will be in a position to quench it with a product that will more than challenge comparison with any of the imported brews. The merger is in the national interest even when viewed in the balance of payments context.

From beer to song—another facet of this affluent society of ours which last year overspent its cash account with the rest of the world to the tune of £344 million. The production and sale of gramophone records are booming. Sales in the first month of this year were twenty per cent higher than those for a year earlier. All the indications are that in February and March the results of this trade will also be well ahead of those for 1960. The record industry is one which can be proud of its export drive. It sells abroad one fifth of its output. Most of its sales are to the valuable, desirable dollar market.

Among the companies that will derive direct benefit from the gramophone boom are Electrical and Musical Industries and Decca Records. Their shares are highly priced, in each case at around the highest levels recorded this year. Each, however, appears to be well worth the flattering dividend yield of about three and a half per cent at which the Stock Exchange is now valuing them.

Somewhat higher yields can still be got in brewery shares. Among those which may again be affected by the move towards ever larger units, mention might be made of Watney Mann and Whitbread on each of which a return of nearly four per cent can be earned on money invested, while Mr. Taylor's United Breweries, which are evidently still on the prowl for further acquisitions, can be bought to yield over four and a half per cent, more than one and a half times covered by latest profits.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



The Specialists

BEFORE the Enclosures, England was a sheep walk. There are signs that it may become one again.

For the past fifteen years, bulldozers have been pushing the banks down. Even so, much of the country is still divided into tiny fields which are difficult to cultivate mechanically. This is especially true in Wales and the West.

But there are now other factors operating which may well revolutionize not only farming itself but the actual appearance of the entire countryside. Only a generation ago, there were few farms which specialized to any great extent. Every holding was mixed: with its herd of cows; flock of sheep; a few pigs; a couple of Shire horses with some indiscriminate poultry thrown in. The crops were equally varied: two or three types of corn, several varieties of roots, besides the grass crop. And this pattern of mixed farming was consistent over the entire country.

We have already accepted some degree

of specialization, with some farms concentrating on milk and others on beef. Fifty years ago the dual-purpose breed, such as the Shorthorn, were predominant and as popular as the Ayrshire or the Angus are to-day. And during the last few years, specialization has gone further as the broiler industry has grown, turning many farms into food factories. Two other developments along those lines are in hand: some farms are being turned over to stockyard feeding of beef on conveyor belt lines, and we now have plans announced for the battery breeding and fattening of pigs on farms surrounding a curing factory. This kind of rationalization may mean eventually that the type of farming in a district will be wholly dependent on the type of factory situated in that area. This is already apparent where the vegetable canning firms have become established.

The tendency is to be deprecated. The farmers will be less self-sufficient, the grower of peas will be without an egg, the breeders of pork will have to buy their milk.

And once monoculture becomes the rule and the banks and hedges which stood for mixed farming have all been flattened—who will want to act as shepherd? It's a skilled job but too boring for a factory-seduced farm labourer to take on.

The other day I saw a West Indian shepherd on the Wiltshire Downs. I expect to see others. We follow the United States in most things.

— RONALD DUNCAN

criticism



AT THE PICTURES

The World of Apu
The Right Approach

WE saw the first two parts of this Indian trilogy within a few weeks of each other, but we have had to wait more than three years for the third part, *The World of Apu* (Director: Satyajit Ray). It has been seen at film festivals and written about a good deal, but this is its first public showing here.

It is a sequel, but quite self-contained: there is no need to know what happened in the earlier stories. Simply, the focus has shifted: the central character here is the young man Apu, now an orphan, who was one of the children of the family in *Pather Panchali*. He is living alone in Calcutta, writing, and more or less half-heartedly looking for a job, when an old friend turns up and invites him to a wedding—after which, as a result of certain accidents and traditions more powerful and better understood in the East than in the West, he finds himself married to a girl he never met before.

She returns with him to his little room near the Calcutta railway yards, he gets a job, and they grow to love each other. Then she dies in childbirth at her parents' house, and in despair he loses interest in life and takes to aimless wandering about the country, making no effort to see his son, who for five years grows more and more wild and uncontrollable. At last the old friend seeks him out and convinces him of his responsibilities; and the final, very impressive scene shows him labouring to win the child's sympathy and understanding.

There is the framework of incident, but as with *Pather Panchali* and *The Unvanquished*, infinitely more important is—one has to use this word, for the quality is really indescribable—atmosphere. True, there are many scenes that are striking, touching, amusing in themselves. The climactic one with the child is perhaps the strongest, but another most memorable one is that of the newly-married pair as they tentatively get to know each other, talking at a distance, still in their ceremonial dress, alone among the debris of the festivities. But the film's strength, like that of its predecessors, is in its texture, the total impression of its average moments, moments that can't be picked out as "scenes" at all. From the opening, when Apu wakes (to the sound of a train) and goes out on to his little balcony in the teeming rain for a free

shower, one feels involved in this unfamiliar life, breathing its air, held and moved and interested by anything however trivial that concerns its people. The pace, compared with that of Occidental films, is slow; the pauses between lines of dialogue are often very long. Yet they do not seem empty; they are a part of that mysterious and valuable "atmosphere." Instead of being impatient for the next line, one is drawn further into the feeling of reality.

The most interesting thing about *The Right Approach* (Director: David Butler) is precisely what will most upset the more simple-minded fans of Frankie Vaughan, who will—not without encouragement from the publicity—be expecting the sort of picture that most British studios are accustomed to build round a pop singer. But the studio here is Twentieth Century Fox, which naturally enough wants to use Mr. Vaughan like any other piece of property: the film is adapted from a play by Garson Kanin, the central character is an unpleasant, utterly selfish heel, and they have no such inhibitions as might restrain British film-makers from casting Mr. Vaughan in the part. He's a good song-and-dance man and he can do what

the part demands; all right. The point is the film, not the public image of any player in it.

And the film, though still too much suggesting a play—notably by constant lateral grouping of speakers—comes over as a quite good example of its kind. It has a certain amount of sentimentality and melodrama, but there are several satirically amusing scenes, and it's a pleasure to notice little ingenuities of construction (that cunningly planted reference to the tie, which tells you instantly why it will be recognized later). The ending, however, which shows the amoral self-seeking man walking off miserable because no one likes him, is a sop to sentimentalists. He would really have been busily planning some new way to do himself a bit of good. No unpleasant person is capable of feeling that the nice people have beaten him.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *The World of Apu* is what is advertised as *The Day*, though the title on the screen is *Antonito*: a twenty-six-minute short written and directed by Peter Finch, about a small Spanish boy's personal rounding-up of all the relations and friends who ought to be there to



Apu—SOUMITRA CHATTERJEE

The World of Apu

welcome a new baby—charming and beautifully done. Also new in London: *Il Bell' Antonio*, interesting because it treats the awkward theme of sexual impotence with a lifelike mixture of solemnity and ridicule, and *Taste of Fear*, a very artificial surprise-ending suspense piece with many of the cliché trimmings, but made with more skill and, particularly, speed than usual. *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60), *Mr. Topaze* (5/4/61) and *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* (5/4/61) continue.

One release to mention: *The World of Suzie Wong* (28/12/60—126 mins.)—sentimental hokum, but well done and very pleasing visually.

— RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

The Rehearsal (GLOBE)

Much Ado About Nothing (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

One Over the Eight (DUKE OF YORK'S)

Sparrers Can't Sing (WYNDHAM'S)

WHAT a relief in the present comparative desert of the West End to be able without reservation to recommend a play for wit and acting! Anouilh's *La Répétition*, which was seen at the Edinburgh Festival some years ago, has come to London flying the flag of the Bristol Old Vic and most sensitively translated by Pamela Hansford-Johnson and Kitty Black. It is about the impact of simplicity on sophistication, and is one of its author's mixed pieces, that starts *rose*, and ends unexpectedly *noir*. In his château a stage-struck count has gathered a house-party to rehearse a play by Marivaux; the cast includes himself and his wife, his mistress and his wife's lover, a cynical old school-friend and a young girl who looks after the twelve orphans who have been wished on them with the estate. The count is proud, selfish and spoilt; he is bowled over by the girl, and for the first time in his life knows love. The Marivaux, *The Double Inconstancy*, fits their situation so neatly that the action of the play develops, with Anouilh at his most theatrically adroit, during rehearsal. These bored aristocrats, chasing pleasure for its own sake, are modern Marivaux characters, and a perfect foil to the innocence of the girl. The early scenes are light and elegant and extremely witty. Then the play takes a grimmer turn. When the women realize that Lucile is a serious competitor, they arrange to have her seduced by the drunken school-friend. In the morning she has run away, and her seducer, realizing what he has done, commits suicide in a duel.

PUNCH EXHIBITION

"Punch in the Theatre." Maxwell Art Gallery, Peterborough.

This brief impression gives a poor idea of the excitement of the play, which is acted on the very top level. Phyllis Calvert and Diana Churchill give beautiful performances in the Marivaux manner as women of the world living to a self-made code, Robert Hardy is very good indeed as the Count, Alan Badel gives a wonderfully complete portrait of a clever man drowning his sorrows in drink, and set against these decadents Maggie Smith shines all the more touchingly as Lucile. John Hale's production is firm and polished, and Jane Graham's decorations are charming. *The Rehearsal* is the sort of play that gives one fresh hope for the theatre.

Stratford—now the Royal Shakespeare Theatre—has started its season with a production of *Much Ado About Nothing* that raises doubts whether Peter Hall's plan of a second company at the Aldwych is really feasible at the moment, excellent though it is in principle. Can he find sufficient actors of a good enough standard? At present the split has clearly caused a dangerous dilution at Stratford where unless the company is considerably strengthened the outlook for the season is not bright.

Michael Langham's treatment of *Much Ado* is lightweight and cluttered with business that should be unnecessary if Shakespeare were allowed to speak for himself. It is set, with no particular advantage, in the Regency period so that Beatrice is a character from Jane Austen and Benedick a dashing officer on leave from one of Europe's battlefields. Desmond Heeley has placed it in the garden of Squire Leonato—for that is what he is, a bumbling country gentleman unused to grandeur—with a leaf-hung iron staircase leading up to the house. This is attractive and works well for the domestic scenes, but all the lighting tricks in the world cannot make one feel in church.

The measure of this production's weakness is that as it goes on one becomes increasingly conscious of snags in the plot which were swallowed happily in the Gielgud production ten years ago. Why does Don Pedro take round with him a brother guaranteed to cause trouble? Why does Claudio accept so readily as evidence of Hero's infidelity a dim scene—in this case extremely dim—watched from a distance? And so on. This is, after all, one of the wittiest comedies in the language, but at Stratford the effect of Shakespeare's text is blurred by irrelevant business. It is true that Mr. Langham maintains a hot pace, but at times one gets a sensation of being physically hurried.

And the acting is not up to the proper Stratford standard. Much as I admire Geraldine McEwan, her attack is a little pert for Beatrice and at times she is positively waspish. Christopher Plummer as Benedick gives the impression of a handsome cavalry officer, a fellow popular

in the mess but without the poise for the delivery of some of Shakespeare's sharpest shafts. Although their miniature battles are quite soundly conducted, these fall short of high comedy.

The Hero and Claudio, Jill Dixon and Barry Warren, are ardent but not remarkable. Redmond Phillips' caricature of a country host makes it unlikely he would ever have been appointed Governor of Messina. Newton Blick in a Prussian hat makes Dogberry seem to come out of Dickens, and not very amusingly. The bright things in this production are Ian Richardson's Don John, whose melancholia explains his misanthropy (diminished responsibility would be his plea in the courts to-day), and in a minor way Maroussia Frank, whose confident Margaret is excellent.

One Over the Eight is the successor to *Pieces of Eight*, with Kenneth Williams again in the key position. Simply reciting the Lord Chamberlain's Regulations he would be funny, but although I laughed at him getting muddled in his lines as a stick-up gangster, and as a scullery playwright discussing in a radio interview the critics' reactions to his latest masterpiece, and as a lunatic boring his neighbour on a park seat with the length and composition of his intestines, I felt all the time he was making the best of very slight material. Sketch after sketch—by authors including Peter Cook, N. F. Simpson and John Mortimer—starts out with a useful idea and fails to get home. Where this revue scores is in its décor, exciting backcloths by Tony Walton being projected by some means invisible to me, and its dancing which is lively and led by Irving Davies. And Lance Mulcahy's music also seemed better than the written material. Sheila Hancock supports Mr. Williams crisply and has a good range of comedy, but she and the rest of a keen young team are given few real opportunities.

Sparrers Can't Sing, another slice of cockney life from Theatre Royal, Stratford, has come to Wyndham's.

Recommended

The Miracle Worker (Royalty—15/3/61), Anna Massey marvellous in Helen Keller's story. *Ross* (Haymarket—18/5/60), Rattigan's fine play about T. E. Lawrence. *Oliver!* (New—6/7/60), bright musical from Oliver Twist.

— ERIC KEOWN

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Oxford, *The Glass Menagerie*, to April 15.
Playhouse, Nottingham, *The Ballad of Dr. Crippen*, unspecified run.
Belgrade, Coventry, *The Pleasure of His Company*, to April 22.
Leatherhead Theatre, *To Dorothy, a Son*, to April 15.



Le Cardinal Cisneros—HENRI ROLLAN

(Le Cardinal d'Espagne)

AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS—I

Le Cardinal d'Espagne (COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE) *Le Voyage* (ODÉON)
Boeing-Boeing (COMÉDIE CAUMARTIN) *La Voleuse de Londres* (GYMNASE)

THE Paris theatre is more clogged than usual by long-running successes, and except at the State houses this season is short of important plays by French authors. The most striking is *Le Cardinal d'Espagne*, Henry de Montherlant's new work, which is being done superbly in Jean Mercure's production at the Comédie Française. It is a study of power in sixteenth-century Spain, where a proud old cardinal is acting as regent for a boy king, and is near his end but still holding on defiantly in the teeth of the nobles. Much of the discussion is between him and the nephew he has made captain of his guard, a rebel with courage. As in most of M. de Montherlant's plays the characters have a tendency, when the argument seems ended and they are on their way to the door, to sit down and begin all over again; but this portrait of an old ecclesiastical lion at bay is very dramatic and is given impressive force by Henri Rollan.

On the night we went there were frequent interruptions from the gallery by students of the Ecole Normale, which were answered hotly from the stalls by cries of "Crétins!" In the interval the worst offenders were winked out by the police, but even so the curtain had to be rung down for some minutes during the last act, the cast behaving with stoic dignity.

In the repertoire at the Odéon is a

charming but very slight fantasy by Georges Schehadé, *Le Voyage*. This follows the imaginary adventures of a sea-struck apprentice in a Bristol button-shop in 1850; he exchanges jackets with a quartermaster on the run for murder and suffers a grotesque court-martial before finding himself back with the buttons again. The shop has been beautifully staged by Jean-Denis Malclès, and the opening act is made amusing by that versatile comedian, Jean Parédès, playing its eccentric owner, and by André Brunot as a buttonless prelate. The subsequent dreamlike scenes are brightened by Jean-Louis Barrault, a Spanish sailor with a talking parrot, and Natalie Nerval, a delicious barmaid. As the boy Jean-François Poron leaves no doubt that buttons are no substitute for the excitements of a sailor. There are many of the happy touches one expects in a production by M. Barrault (did Bristol really resound with steam sirens as early as 1850?), but the story failed to grip me.

Of this season's light pieces the one most deserving of transfer to London is *Boeing-Boeing*, by Marc Camoletti. Out of the global travels of the modern aircrew it brings a new idea to amorous farce, and deals with an up-to-the-minute tangle with expert dexterity. The hero has three mistresses, each an air hostess selected from a divergent route, and each

spending two days a week with him in his Paris flat, believing herself in sole possession of his heart. One French, one American and one German. This split-second venture would be impossible but for the masterly co-operation of his maid, who habitually answers back but can cook in three languages and remove in a twinkling every trace of the last visitor. The one thing omitted from his calculations was bad weather, and a storm over the Atlantic hits him just as his simple-minded school-friend comes to stay. Chaos piles up quickly and furiously. The acting of François Guérin as the hero and of Christiane Muller as the maid is admirable, but for me the chief pleasure lay in Christian Aler, who plays the shy provincial friend with a bumbling astonishment that is most endearing. Of the lovelies Anne Doat takes the honours for Lufthansa.

La Voleuse de Londres, by Georges Neveux, is a mock cloak-and-dagger piece about a female pickpocket in Victorian London that is not nearly good enough for Marie Bell, one of France's finest actresses. In part it is just a boulevard romance, in part a fairly amusing burlesque, but the two styles don't marry. Mme. Bell makes the most of her improbable adventures, but is terribly wasted. René Clermont is effective as her frightened little lover, Raymond Gérome makes a smooth professional bigamist, and Henri Cremieux gets fat laughs as a bogus priest. Little songs in the Irma manner are well sung by James Ollivier and Charles Level.

—ERIC KEOWN



(Le Voyage)

Monsieur Strawberry—JEAN PARÉDÈS



IN THE GROOVE

"Moanin'" with a Smile

JOHNNY DANKWORTH'S record of "Moanin'" (Columbia 45-DB 4590) convincingly demonstrates once again his orchestra's overwhelming supremacy among modernists on this side of the Atlantic. And one doesn't listen only thinking chauvinistically what wonderful sounds these are and how wonderful it is that they are ours; by any standards this is a brilliant, dynamic performance—crisp, precise, disciplined, and surging with energy. It is not so very often that one hears a big band playing such a formal arrangement in a manner that suggests both diligent rehearsal and spontaneous enthusiasm. The balance between the trumpets and saxophones might be studied with profit by Stan Kenton: Dankworth's power doesn't bash the melody to gold-leaf flimsiness.

When Oscar Peterson, accompanied by drums and bass, played recently at the Royal Festival Hall, the number upon which he most lingeringly lavished his technical virtuosity was "Moanin'"; one can't praise Dankworth's version more highly than by saying he has put more of "Moanin'" into one side of an EP than was expressed by all of Peterson's pyrotechnics. The other side of the disc "African Waltz" seems to be a sort of Harlem war dance with Johannesburg penny whistle; it's the same sort of jollified Tin Pan Alley African music as most of the score for *King Kong*—but enjoyable anyway.

"Third Stream Music" by the Modern Jazz Quartet and Guests: the Jimmy Giuffre Three and the Beaux Arts String Quartet (London LTZ-K 15207) is the experimental stuff that starts arguments.

It has been jeered at by people who find it difficult to accept jazz played on instruments not ordinarily associated with jazz (e.g., flute, bassoon, French horn, cello); beyond such superficial objections one can find some interesting, sometimes rather meandering music. Having lived with the record for some weeks, I find that I like it more and more. John Lewis, piano, and Milt Jackson, vibraharp, and Giuffre, clarinet and tenor sax, perform with their usual stylish delicacy and light insistent rhythms that affect the nerves as a doctor's rubber-headed hammer affects the knee-cap. They make one twitch a bit, but remind one that jazz can reach the brain as well as the feet.

"The King of New Orleans Jazz: Jelly Roll Morton, Volume Two" (RCA RD-27184) features the Red Hot Peppers, from the end of 1926 to early 1930, and his devotees who spent their formative years listening to Jelly Roll on 78s should be grateful for the extraordinary acoustical refinements that have been achieved by Decca's sound engineers. The old sounds have been given new richness and distinctiveness. Listening to this record is like looking at an old painting for the first time after it has been cleaned. The old master's authoritative left hand thumps real pretty.

Also recommended: Jimmy Rushing with the Dave Brubeck Quartet (Fontana TFL 5126)—the unlikely juxtaposition of Count Basie's exuberant shout and the most successful West Coast combo is astonishingly unjarring. "Close to You," Sarah Vaughan (Mercury MMC 14059)—in spite of the unsuitable big orchestral accompaniment, "The Divine One" still has her divine moments.

—PATRICK SKENE CATLING

ON THE AIR

What Happened to the Interlude?

EASTER postscript. For a long time the Boat Race (or as the BBC still calls it the "University Boat Race") had been losing ground as a word-spinner. A succession of uninteresting processions, and a growing awareness among the general public that there are in fact other seats of learning than Oxbridge, had made the press somewhat queasy about the spectacle. Even *The Times* played it down this year and for the first time on my record failed to print back-page close-ups of the crews on the morning of the race. Well, well!

And what happens? For once we get an excellent race and lashings of drama, and the BBC is caught unprepared. "Well, that's it," said the TV Announcer, as the Light Blues shot past the finishing post, "Cambridge have won the Boat Race. And now over to Kempton Park." This was a tragic mistake. The viewer who had watched the endless preliminaries, the scientific blackboard analyses of winds, currents, blades and nylon tights, the interviews with tow-

path enthusiasts, the ceremony at the stake-boats, and so on, surely had a right to savour the sequelae. But no, over to Kempton Park. Of course, the BBC was not to know that the Oxford stake-boat would lose its mooring and that the race would start twenty minutes late, but it could, I suggest, have written a little flexibility into its *Grandstand* programme. Horses we can see any day of the week; the er—University Boat Race but once a year.

Later, on the same day, the built-in madness of TV programming was again in evidence. How many items, I wonder, quite acceptable in themselves, are switched off by viewers unable or unwilling to accept an immediate change of pace and mood? I watched a particularly exciting instalment of *The Valiant Years* serial—Churchill's "Hinge of Fate"—and was instantly plunged into a strident, amiably vulgar variety show. I couldn't take it. Preceded by ten minutes of interval and reflection I dare say *The Benny Hill Show* would have seemed well up-to-standard: as it was the transposition was impossible. Years ago, before the Commercial channels hit the jackpot, the BBC used to make room for mental adjustment by screening "interludes"—quiet stretches of filmed landscape, seascape or cloudscape backed by murmuring, unobjectionable music—but it can't afford them now apparently. The theory is, of course, that in order to compete effectively with the Americana of Channel Nine, not a second must be wasted. Leave them to think for themselves for a few seconds and viewers will be twiddling into the rival fare.

But is this so? It can even be argued that the Commercial channels with their advertisements do exactly what the BBC used to do with its interludes; for the advertisements do provide a break between programmes and with only a little practice can be ignored completely and painlessly. The BBC argument then only holds good if it is assumed that viewers in need of momentary tranquillity switch over to the Commercial in search of ads. Which is absurd. If the BBC wants to fight the other channel on its own terms it will either introduce its own commercials (but not programme announcements, which are distracting) or restore the old interlarded landscapes, seascapes and cloudscape. And if this sounds Greek I'm a Dutchman.

After knocking American imports pretty consistently let me now wade in with the balm and admit that I find occasional bouts with *Perry Mason* pleasantly relaxing. Erle Stanley Gardner's yarns transcribe very well indeed and the production of these films is so clever that loose ends of plot are hardly noticed. Murder, personable gals, slick dialogue, the ultimate drama of the court ("Your witness!") and the reliable Mr. Raymond Burr. What more d'you want on a Saturday night?

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

BOOKING OFFICE

NATIVE WOOD-NOTES TAME

By PETER DICKINSON

Solstices. Louis MacNeice. *Faber*, 12/6

Poems. Vladimir Nabokov. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 12/6

On a Calm Shore. Frances Cornford. *Cresset*, 15/-

Legends and Pastorals. Graham Hough. *Duckworth*, 12/6

Thistles and Roses. Iain Crichton Smith. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 10/6

NOTHING to be ashamed of; not every spring is flush with exciting verse; but a collection such as this gives me a sad feeling that Histories of Literature are going to lump together all the poetry written since Auden began his reign in one chapter called "The Thirties and After." Mr. MacNeice's name, at least, would appear honourably and often; and he brought the poetry of the decade to a magnificent close in "Autumn Journal," using all his virtues—cleverness, honesty, a steady stoicism, the precise description of what a mood or event feels like in its own moment—to sustain his long account of the last days of peace.

By those standards *Solstices* is a disappointment; by to-day's it is enjoyable, though it is significant that several of the more satisfying poems are concerned with the war. It is almost as though Mr. MacNeice found life dull these days; indeed "Solitary Travel" is a devastating account of the ennui of living in aeroplanes, aerodromes and the identical international hotels that grace all modern cities. Even when the ennui is not apparent, there is a sense of tiredness, a tendency to take the soft way out of a half-explored dilemma. I was sad when "Idle Talk," a pleasant defence of tittle-tattle, ended up with Adam in Eden.

Mr. Nabokov's volume contains all the poems he has written in English; there are fourteen, and one is marvellous. This is the longest, "An Evening of Russian Poetry," which is in the form of a lecturer's answers to questions at some seminar. To earn his living the lecturer publicly reopens the wound of his exile. The slightly thumping rhymed decasyllables

move easily along, and the language is simple, just as rich as the moment requires, without showing off. There are some wonderful lines, and the whole effect is heart-rending. The other poems are short and mostly satirical; highly professional baubles.

On a Calm Shore is the late Frances Cornford's last book; it is difficult to do her justice; each poem is simple, slight, agreeable and not of a sort that one would expect to remember for long, but together they recreate a thoroughly memorable world, if a vanishing one, serene and smelling of wallflowers, with an aunt walking slowly down the long border carrying a weed-filled trug. Christopher Cornford has suited this mood with his excellent illustrations, and the book was beautifully printed by hand.

I have half a hope that Mr. Hough is a straw in the wind, signifying a return to the time when something actually happened in a poem, and the *Edinburgh's* reviewer would take the latest work by Mr. Southey at a steady canto. His longer poems are glosses on legends,

usually with a sinister turn—Andromeda grown used to the monster; Arthur sleeping under the hill ready to fight his last battle, but perhaps not to defend us humans. I enjoyed these more than most of the shorter poems, because Mr. Hough's language, though not banal, lacks the intensity that is needed to make a dozen lines stand on their own.

Mr. Smith has a trick of style which, once one has noticed it, makes it difficult to read his poems without stopping every few lines to notch up another mark on the end-paper. This is the use of "that" and "all that" as exemplified in a poem called "About That Mile" which starts "It all grew in a garden, all that sin," I hope he will give it up, because he promises to be a rewarding writer. He is concerned with Scotland, puritanism and the bleaker aspect of the mind, and can make a solid picture in a few words:

*The piper, marching in his peacock style
And proud obsession with his accurate notes*

is an honest opening for a sonnet, though as yet Mr. Smith has not learnt to get out of a poem quite as convincingly as he gets in.

NEW NOVELS

The Last Temptation. Nikos Kazantzakis. *Cassirer* (dist. *Faber and Faber*), 21/-

In the Forests of the Night. Stephen Martel. *George Ronald*, 16/-

The Horns of Fear. Angel M. de Lera. Translated by Ilse Barea. *Faber and Faber*, 18/-

The Arena. William Haggard. *Cassell*, 13/6

OF all the kinds of novel that exist, the visionary novel is the most difficult to discuss and criticize. One of the reasons for this is that appeals to mystical experience are not appeals to life as we live it; not all of us have visions. But, one might object, this is precisely why we have artists—to take us into corners of experience into which we cannot find our own way. And this is true, provided that we are led, provided that our sympathies are drawn into the standards of the book so that, at least for as long as it lasts, we share the understanding and the values of the author.

Nikos Kazantzakis, the author of *Zorba the Greek*, *Christ Recrucified* (which became the film *He Who Must Die*), *Freedom and Death*, *The Odyssey* and the book under review, is a man of large visions. He is described on the dust cover as "the greatest modern Greek writer," and there is no doubt that we are here faced with a mind of what one might

BEHIND THE SCENES



22—HUGH BURNETT

The scholarly producer of TV interviews is also an acid cartoonist under another name



call world stature, and an artistic vision of evident immensity. The present novel of over 500 pages is an analysis of Jesus as a man torn between God and the Devil. At the beginning of the book he is a lonely cross-maker already afflicted with religious hysteria and frenzy. His temptations form the main matter of the book—and its essential subject is the strain between Flesh and Spirit. This is presented, in a succession of symbolic situations, by dreams and visions and moments of revelation. "While setting down this confession of the anguish and the great hope of mankind I was so moved that my eyes filled with tears. I had never felt the blood of Christ fall drop by drop into my heart with so much sweetness, so much pain." So comments the author in his prologue, and it is the mystical and revelatory nature of the document that is its strength or its weakness, according to the reader's interest.

Stephen Martel's first novel, *In the Forests of the Night*, uses the visionary experience for much more literary ends. This novel about a young Canadian officer, wounded during the war and driven into madness and fantasy by a poisoning of his wound, depends entirely upon the reality with which the author manages to depict the wild mental experiences of his hero, and the relevance he can give to them. The attempt is remarkably successful; the psychological exploration of Michael Gill gives us his whole life and his whole understanding of it. When he is asked what it is like to fight in battle, Gill says that war is freedom; it releases man from his being a prisoner in society. But, he says, war begins in hospital; and it is with the war

of the imagination that we are concerned in the book.

If *In the Forests of the Night* is centred in the moment in battle when Gill gets his wound, *The Horns of Fear* is concerned with a like moment in the bullring. But whereas the first is a psychological novel, the second is a social one, a study of one day in the life of a provincial Spanish town where a *corrida* takes place. There is a bad bull, an apprentice bullfighter and a frightened assistant; there are turmoils and love affairs in the town. All these factors contribute to the tragedy which takes place, a tragedy for which no one is responsible and with which few are concerned. But this spare and remarkable little novel reveals with great skill and control the town and the moral natures of those who are in it.

The Arena is a thriller set in the world of merchant banks and take-over bids, a modern and sophisticated tale of an attempt to possess a company making electronic devices by financial manipulation. The baddies are an angry young man of the banking world, motivated by a hatred of the business establishment, and behind him a mysterious wearer of sunglasses who lives in Switzerland and deals with Russia. William Haggard's name is already made as a thriller writer with more to commend him than suspense-making. He knows the banking world inside out, his sense of class and place is excellent and he can be recommended to all who like James Bond. — MALCOLM BRADBURY

MISSOURI AND WASHINGTON

Mr. Citizen. Harry S. Truman. Hutchinson, 25/-

"There has been a lot of talk lately about the burdens of the Presidency. Decisions that the President has to make often affect the lives of tens of millions of people around the world, but that does not mean that they should take longer to make. Some men can make decisions and some cannot . . . 'If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.'"

This, in a nutshell, sums up Mr. Truman's book—the random recollections of the tough-willed, tough-minded and quite unexpected little man from Missouri who, having had fame thrust upon him, proceeded to save the Republic at several critical junctures. (How Franklin D. Roosevelt must have grinned in the shades when his ex-Vice-President, against all the pollsters' forecasts, won the 1948 election).

Like his favourite Mark Twain (also from Missouri) Mr. Truman has a dry hatred of cant that is refreshing. Some of this book is very slight indeed but elsewhere the writer has a number of pithy things to say—on the nature of the Presidency itself (about which he is not afraid to argue with Tocqueville), about American history and the men who made it, about ex-President Eisenhower and about General Marshall, whom he ably and faithfully defends against all-comers. A book that everyone interested in American history and politics, or even simply in America, will find intriguing reading. — PHILIP HENGIST

Man of the World. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Hutchinson, 30/-

Born of a fabulously wealthy socialite family, Mr. Vanderbilt chose to make his way as a feature writer, using his connections to get in to the great but selling the interview on its journalistic merits. For some years he combined this with an undercover job as Roosevelt's eyes and ears, reporting his talks with foreign statesmen and his assessments of public opinion. This all makes for a diversely exciting bundle of reminiscences.

A cheerful extrovert, Mr. Vanderbilt describes talking to Stalin and receiving George VI in his trailer the day before the Coronation and how his family hated one another and a hundred other things that happen to occur to him. Some of his stories would seem incredible if they were not somehow given credibility by having others even more incredible alongside them and some of them need a pretty thick skin to publish and, perhaps, an assumption of equally thick skins in others. The book is fun, if trivial fun, with here and there historical facts of importance. — R. G. G. PRICE

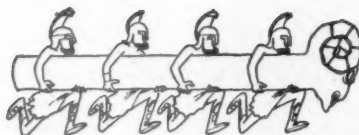
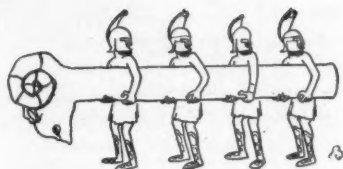
JOMO AND GERALD

Jomo Kenyatta. George Delf. Gollancz, 21/-

Jacaranda. Gerald Hamilton. Sidgwick and Jackson, 21/-

Mr. Delf's subtitle is "Towards truth about 'The Light of Kenya,'" but his truthward advance is a gingerly one. Most of the book is gossip stuff about Kenyatta's early days in Kenya and Europe, and the crucial question whether or not Kenyatta was the leader of Mau Mau is dealt with quite superficially. Although Mr. Delf clearly believes that he was not, he offers no evidence to upset the verdicts of Judge Thacker and the Corfield report that he was. The effect





is as if someone were to write a life of Eichmann with only a glancing reference to Auschwitz. What positively emerges from Mr. Delf's book has already been covered, and better, in Kenyatta's own *Facing Mount Kenya*.

Mr. Hamilton is not on this occasion to be taken seriously, but *Jacaranda* may commend itself to the collectors of Hamiltoniana. The "various kind people" who entertained him in South Africa succeeded in persuading him of the rightness of the Nationalist point of view. Unfortunately the facts they gave him were not all equally reliable; and even if they had been, the idea of Gerald Hamilton defending tyranny is not one that can be entertained *au sérieux* for very long.

— B. A. YOUNG

THE POET OF FLIGHT

Saint-Exupéry. Marcel Migeo. Translated by Herma Briffault. *Macdonald*, 25/-

This is a very long and painstaking biography of a man who, like T. E. Lawrence, was both an artist and a man of action. The combination is always a fascinating one, and seems, for some reason, to be associated with certain specific character traits: thus Saint-Exupéry, like Lawrence, tended to be evasive and secretive, an enigma to his friends, and (like Lawrence again) not above fostering his own legend by exaggerating—or allowing other people to exaggerate—his heroic exploits.

Mr. Migeo assumes, on the reader's part, a knowledge not only of Saint-Exupéry's own writings, but of the numerous biographies which have appeared since his death, and spends much time confuting the statements of these earlier writers. He is preaching, in fact, to the converted, and his book is a work of piety rather than an objective study of his hero, who remains, despite all Mr. Migeo's attempts to bring him to life, a curiously shadowy and elusive figure.

— JOCELYN BROOKE

SOCIETY AND SERVICE

Lady Denman, D. B. E., 1884-1954. Gervas Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

Lady Denman was the daughter of the first Viscount Cowdray, who had made a series of vast fortunes in enterprises ranging from Mexican oil to East Kentish coalfields, while her mother was a woman of remorseless social ambition. Among the illustrations in this book is a photograph of Lady Cowdray preparing to mount the solid silver bicycle that Lord Cowdray had bought for his wife from Tiffany's in New York, a thank-you

present for her care during a tough business trip through Mexico. One might almost say that Lady Cowdray pedalled her way into the highest circles, and the marriage she "arranged" for her daughter was one most unsuitable for a girl whose character was straightforward and whose gifts were administrative. Lord Denman was appointed Governor-General of the emergent Dominion of Australia, and though Lady Denman fulfilled her duties conscientiously they were intensely unsympathetic to her. During the 1914-18 War her gifts for organization and chairmanship developed. The Woman's Institute movement, of which she was the first and most beloved chairman, is perhaps her best-known activity, but it can be argued that her work as chairman of the Family Planning Association, where she had the burden of controlling Dr. Marie Stopes, was even more valuable. Gervas Huxley has handled the story of this public-spirited woman with tact and affection.

— VIOLET POWELL

BIOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS

Modern Science and the Nature of Life.

William S. Beck. *Pelican*, 4/-

A clear account of the history of biological discovery, and of some of biology's present fields and problems. Where Dr. Beck deals with facts he is straightforward without being condescending, but in his more philosophical moods he is tiresomely slow and repetitive. Otherwise this is a useful layman's aid.

— P. D.

CREDIT BALANCE

Mario. Peter de Polnay. *W. H. Allen*, 13/6. de Polnay fans may like to know that the story of the two waifs has been extracted from *Out of the Square* and retold. Boy waif hawks cigarettes in Florentine cafés to tourists and reluctantly accepts responsibility for girl waif who is feeble-minded and suffers from visions. Alas, all the narrative skill of an expert entertainer cannot really make this sickly confection edible.

In My Father's House. Jean Detre. *Gollancz*, 15/-. Poignant and timely first novel, fact-inspired, about an American teacher who is involved in a rigged television quiz-programme.

The Unsleep. Diana and Meir Gillon. *Barrie and Rockliff*, 16/-. The results of universal addiction to a drug that makes sleep unnecessary might have been dealt with more imaginatively, but on the social gossip *On the Beach* level this is quite an entertaining yarn.

The Hidden Springs. Renée Haynes. *Hollis and Carter*, 30/-. An inquiry into extra-sensory perception on historical, philosophical and religious grounds. It adds nothing (and is not meant to) to our knowledge of the mechanics and the possible extent of "psi," but performs a useful service in helping to show the place of these phenomena in our lives.

The Big Beat Scene. Royston Ellis. *Four Square Books*, 2/6. The value of this book is not that it gives a reliable picture of the British "teenage" world, but that it gives an authentic account of that world as the author, a characteristic teenager now reluctantly advancing into his twenties, genuinely believes it to be.



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

FOR WOMEN



Maiden's Progress

SINCE my daughter's seventeenth birthday a long series of young men has visited our home in varying degrees of pursuit. Some have left no impression on us at all. We can't even remember their first names or what they looked like. Others are quite indelibly stamped on our memories.

Henry was the earliest of these. My daughter met him in the country on one of our visits to Uncle. Henry wrote my daughter long and amusing letters. Despite an expensive education, she cannot spell. She dreads writing letters. However, we always went down for a week-end in time for her to say "thank you," in person.

This romance flourished for some weeks, until one day in London, she

received a telephone call from James. James was a friend of Henry, and often appeared in the background at the country parties. James was invited to dinner, and was obviously smitten with my daughter's charms. During the washing-up period, when I was in the kitchen, he told my daughter the awful truth. Henry could not write letters, but James could, and it was James who had penned these for his friend.

My daughter was furious. She exploded with rage, and, ignoring pathetic overtures from the betrayed Henry (and none whatsoever from the disloyal James, who fortunately went abroad just then), never permitted him to squire her again.

A slightly dark episode followed

Henry. A young man appeared whom, she said, she had met with friends at the Toreador coffee house in the cathedral city near Uncle's village. Subsequently I discovered this enterprising young man had not actually been introduced . . . However, it transpired he knew people we knew, and for some weeks he wined and dined my daughter well. When my husband said he couldn't get me, my son, daughter, three cats and the luggage into the car to drive down to Uncle's for Easter, Giles, who was to stay with friends near by, offered to drive my daughter. They were to dine on the way, and he would drop her at the cottage at nine o'clock.

Came nine, came ten. At half past ten my daughter telephoned. They were in an hotel at Pethurst, with friends they had met. They would be along shortly. Came eleven. My husband went to bed. Uncle went to bed. My husband said my daughter was probably lying in a ditch, dead or worse. It was my fault. He knew that type, who kept young girls out late. They had been drinking heavily all the evening. The car was smashed to pieces. The responsibility for my daughter's fate was mine, not his. So saying, he rolled over and went to sleep. Uncle's snores were already wafting gently through the cottage.

As the Rusham church clock struck midnight, I went downstairs. I entered the sitting-room at the very moment the strong overhead light blazed on. My daughter, sober, alive and apparently unharmed, was taking her suitcase from the young man. I blew my top. Besides, I had taken off my make-up for the night. That young man never asked her out again.

Changes continued as the weeks went by. A constant swain during the summer was actually the son of a millionaire. He was surprisingly nice. My daughter didn't like his sports car, she said it was uncomfortable and too flash, so he borrowed their chauffeur's modest saloon in which to drive her around. I thought this incredibly unselfish of him.

Geoffrey was an unexpected incident. Aged about forty, he was an acquaintance of my husband. He asked us for drinks one evening; my son and daughter, who had only met him once or twice, were included. On



"They're a penny each."

arrival at his flat we found we were expected to go on to dinner. A table had been reserved at a lush West End restaurant. A dream of a meal was served, magnums of champers, dancing, the lot.

About one o'clock, Geoffrey suddenly asked me if I would like him for a son-in-law. As I had thought (mistakenly it now proved) that he was rather enchanted by my bewitching maturity, this gave me a jolt. I told him to ask her, not me. He partnered my daughter in the next dance, and obviously put the question. She went quite puce, and immediately afterwards rushed me to the powder room. She said furiously the silly old thing could be her father, and how soon could we go home. We have never seen Geoffrey since then either.

In the background there is always Max, who met my daughter when they were both thirteen. He is faithful despite her snubs. I can't imagine why. His trouble, according to my daughter, is that he will write to her. As I said, she cannot spell. "Chease" and "leutice" are two of her efforts which come to mind. It will be observed that she is correct to have qualms about committing herself to paper. She hates receiving letters, and in fact I usually forge her handwriting and reply to her invitations for her, just to make sure the spelling is all right.

My daughter has had a lot of trouble

with young men who try to involve her in what she calls a gruesome twosome. This means fast approaches on the first date, usually followed by a quiet, misleading second date, with all reserves brought in on the third and final date. After this, heavily rebuffed, the particular type does not ask her out any more, or, if he does, my cautious girl firmly declines the invitation.

All young men say the same thing about my daughter. How on earth does she manage to eat such enormous meals when she is so tiny? Some of those paid every Friday have had to remain at home for the rest of the week after dining her on pay-day. Their budgets were shot to pieces.

At the moment her regular escort is a honey. On his first visit to dinner he brought me orchids, which showed intelligence of high degree. He does not own a car (and I prefer my daughter being driven in taxis). He lends me gorgeous records I can't afford to buy. My son likes him too. He always seems to have the very book my husband wishes to read. He takes my daughter out for splendid evenings often enough to keep her contented, but not so frequently that she becomes grossly overtired. He helps most efficiently with the washing up when he eats here. And, thank goodness, neither of them is in love with the other. It can't last, but it's so peaceful while it does.

— DIANA CHILDE

Pansies

IT'S a funny thing about flowers—they either don't do at all or they do too well. Take pansies, for instance—they develop a mad excess as every gardener knows.

Magnificent patches of velvet, they bloom and bloom, and then still taller, they continue to bloom; then they begin to lay their watery lengths about and still they bloom. You have long ago given up the daily routine of dead-heading, so they are getting smaller in the face all the time. Then with the summer flood of colour you forget all about them, till one day you are conscious of thousands of catfaces watching you. Worried pixies, elderly professors, bearded manikins, all unbelievably lined and hideous. In their millions the pinheads look down like crowd faces at the Cup Final, rising in tiers from the surrounding vegetation. Something awful has happened to their complexions. The lovely plums and rich egg-yolk yellows have by miscegenation turned into sad fawns and diluted ink tints. They have also gone half and half—some wearing their mother's lips under their fathers' wrinkled brows. Every time you turn your back another seed pod splits into a brown-toothed grin and starts dehiscing all over the place. Finally, when the mulch-mat with its rich flora of chickweed, groundsel and speedwell is rolled up for burning in midsummer, what do we find underneath?—in every cranny that holds moisture another billion pansy seedlings. Feeling a moment of gratitude for their persistence, you weaken and remove each one with a good ball of soil to a choice spot like the rose-garden.

They come to maturity and bloom and bloom. Regression, you find with antipathy, has not stopped at pastel shades—we now have albinos, albinos with a jaundiced look, albinos somewhat green around the gills. Of the founding fathers, the rich magentas, veined mauves, blacks and buttercups, nothing is left in these dows. Even as your irritable hand goes out to extirpate you know that they have already shot their little bolts. Where do we go from here?

— STELLA CORSO



Toby Competitions

No. 161—Service Withdrawn

BRADSHAW disappears next month. Write a valedictory verse (limit 14 lines) to the greatest of all railway guides.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, April 19.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 161, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 158

(*Edit, Where Art Thou?*)

Too many competitors were so carried away by the prospect of writing verse that they forgot that they were also writing the preamble to a Parliamentary Bill. (No reason why they should be mutually exclusive!) Parliamentary language was therefore at a premium. The winner was:

O. TUNNICLIFFE

69 RICHMOND ROAD
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PREAMBLE TO A SHORT BILL TO PROHIBIT
BOXING

WHEREAS the time has come when bloody noses
And scant-dressed men in terrifying poses,
Cavorting crab-wise, menacing and grim,
Have ceased to typify a forward nation
Intent on universal education;
WHEREAS we should not now risk eye and limb
In any sports of nature pugilistic
(Which stimulate emotions too sadistic);
WHEREAS, in fact, we now should be more kind,
And turn to ways more cultured and refined,
AND WHEREAS all progressive men now feel
We must deter the retrograde who boxes,
And thus encourage pastimes more genteel—
—For instance, shooting birds or hunting foxes.

Following are the runners up:

WHEREAS albeit haply heretofore
Some persons have been known to glove the fist

To strike and hurt a fellow pugilist
And, hitherto within the bounds of law
Received reward for it, and furthermore
Have struck and not invariably missed
Intending that the other be dismissed

By way of being laid upon the floor,
Thus purporting a blow or even many
Which might cause damage to the brain, if any,

(Excluding those who, unremunerated,
May wish to strike, ungloved, a person hated)

It being furthermore Our Royal Will
To give delight to Lady Summerskill . . .

D. E. Young, September Cottage, Forgan-denny, Perth

WHEREAS some loophole in the law approves
That men should fight in regulation gloves
And pound each other into pulp for cash
And blind each other's eyes with blood and smash

Each other's noses or obstruct the flow
Of renal fluid with a body blow

WHEREAS such combatant may well sustain
Some lasting hurt to his vestigial brain
And live a shattered pitiable thing
Or die like some felled ox within the ring

WHEREAS these bestial bouts are freely seen
By millions on the television screen
Whereby sadistic habits are contracted
By young and old **BE IT HEREBY ENACTED.**

R. Kemard Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset

DEAR Members of the Commons, this Bill I must present,
The noble art of boxing, I seek now to prevent,



HARGREAVES.

Both MPs of my party and the unenlightened sort,
Should understand my reasons to end this cruel sport.

1. If we prohibit boxing we can show the world to-day,
That in peaceful co-existence we proudly lead the way.

2. The British love for animals the whole world knows is true,
So now it's time we made it clear that we love humans too!

3. To see a boxer lose his blood is not what upsets me
It's just the thought, of what a waste, of blood I donate free.

A final thought, my colleagues, before debates begin,
We haven't a world champion, so it's time we packed it in.

P. C. Germain, 6 Orwell Road, Dovercourt, Essex

WHEREAS it must be fairly clear
That Englishmen, for many a year,
Have stood no chance, in contest vital,
Of landing an important title
In competition with the best,

AND WHEREAS it must be confessed
That, either here or in the States,
Our poor recumbent heavyweights
Are made to look pathetic bunnies
Beside the Dempseys and the Tunneys,
The Louis and the Pattersons,
Who carry far too many guns
For Woodcocks, Erskines, Coopers, Farris
(As well as for the Ingemars),
BE IT ENACTED, etc. . . .

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandale Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon

By this Enactment be it known;
We are intent to ban, disown,
Discredit and discourage those
Who punch each other on the nose!
Not noses only be it said;
But those who pulverize the head,
And all who pommel, thump or welt
'Most anywhere above the belt.
The noble art of Self-defence
Will now become a prime offence;
Thus all who love their boxing-ring
Must just forget the wretched thing,
Obeying this distressing Bill
To please the Lady Summerskill.

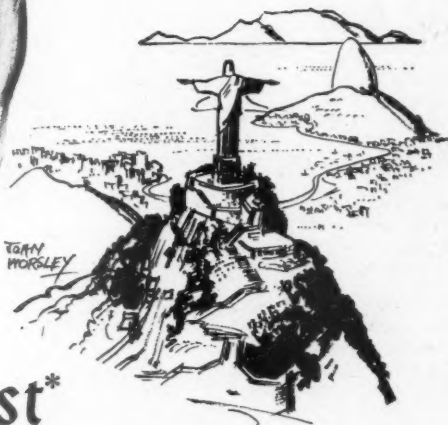
Cyril Stamcay, 8 Ringwood Avenue, Redhill, Surrey

HALT, I pray you, this flagrant sport,
This mutilation that boxers wrought
On canvas square (oft blood bespattered)
As if human anguish no longer mattered.
Behold the damage which boxing has done.
Examine the records, each and everyone;
Boxers maimed, deaf and blind,
Proof in plenty and more to find.
This is my plea for a Royal Commission—
Or a passing of this Bill—with your permission . . .

M. J. Childs, 30 St. Anne's Road, Barnes, S.W.13

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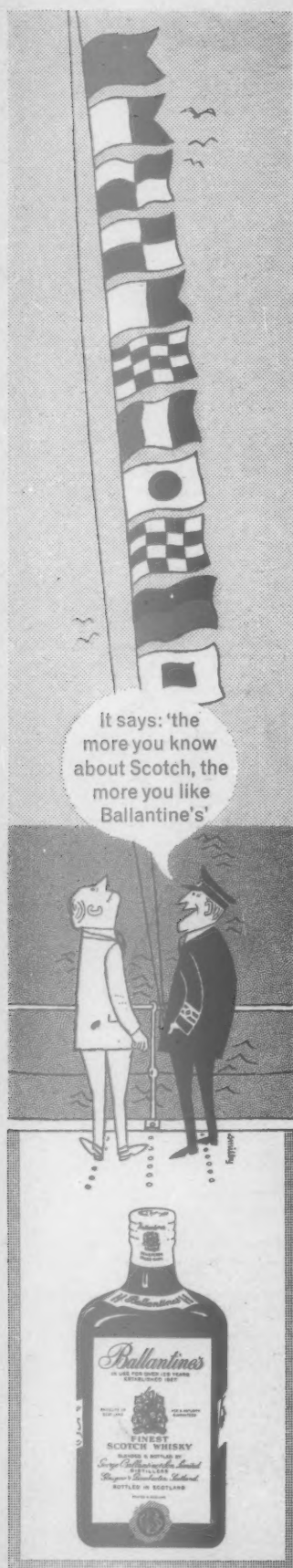
She is now on the South American run: left home last night and after a smooth uneventful flight in the Air France Boeing Jet Intercontinental arrived in Rio at nine this morning. There were two charming children returning to their parents from school in England, passengers to care for, meals to be served: a busy trip but rewarding like all such trips—everywhere; for Air France goes everywhere.

*326 air hostesses fly with Air France. After 6 months intensive training, they stay with the airline for an average of 30 months before retiring—usually to marry. 9 girls apply for every vacant post.

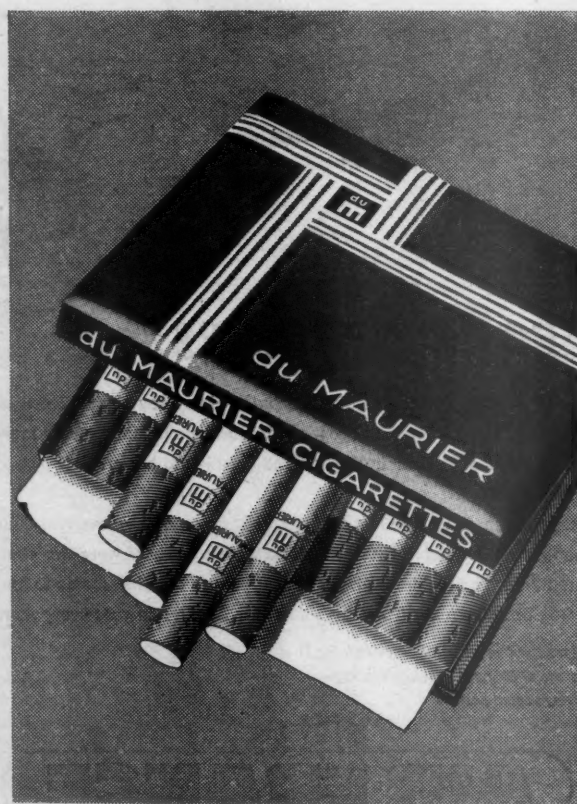
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Tonik BY **DORMEUIL**

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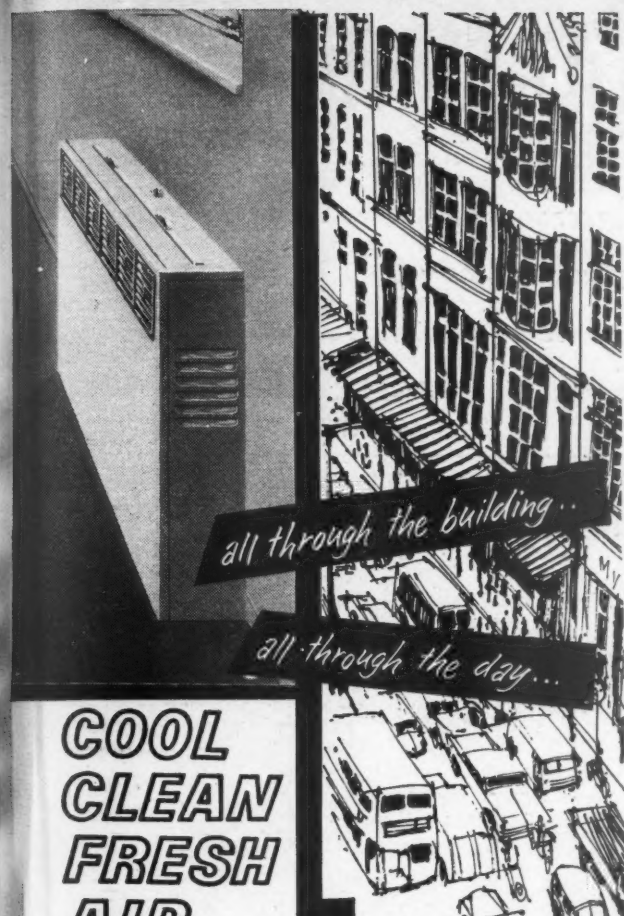
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